The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1889.

The Week.

MR. ROOSEVELT has established a fresh claim upon the admiration of civil-service reformers by the summary and public manner in which he has brought to book an offending Republican spoilsman out in Michigan. Observing the open contempt displayed for civil-service reform by such high officials as Assistant Postmaster-General Clarkson, Mr. Geer, the new Collector of Customs at Port Huron, Mich., was no sooner installed than he began to express his own similar feelings. In an interview which has not been repudiated, Mr. Geer was reported as strenuously condemning the Civil-Service Law, and as stating his belief that the proper theory to adopt in the management of his office is that implied in the old adage, "To the victors belong the spoils." Mr. Roosevelt saw this interview, and immediately resolved to give Mr. Geer a lesson. The Secretary of the local Board of Civil-Service Examiners at Port Huron had asked that the Board be allowed to hold a competitive examination for inspectors in the Custom-house, but had not accompanied the request with a statement of the number of names on the eligible list. The Commission accordingly refused the request, and demanded a complete statement of all the names on the eligible list. Mr. Roosevelt, speaking in behalf of the Commission, quotes Mr. Geer's interview, and says:

"Mr. Geer being an appointive officer of the Custom-house, whose duty it is to administer the law which he thus condemns, his expressions render it especially incumbent upon the Commissioners to see that no chance whatever is given for an evasion of the law. The Commission have, of course, no control over the expression of any public officer, but they intend to make it their particular duty to prevent any administration of the law in accordance with the theories enunciated by Mr. Geer. They will tolerate no violation and no evasion of the statute. The examinations are open to all, Democrats and Republicans alike; all can apply who choose; all those applying in proper form will be examined and marked with positive impartiality, and will be certified in their order to the appointing officer."

Of course the Republican spoilsmen are growing very angry with Mr. Roosevelt for the utter recklessness with which he is treading on their corns. Even the Indianapolis *Journal*, which had been getting to be a pretty good civil-service-reform newspaper, was so much offended by the vigor and impartiality of Mr. Roosevelt's asasults upon the abuses committed under the Republican Postmaster in its city that it has backslidden, and begins to talk about the "injudicious acts of the Civil-Service Commission," and says that while it "is composed of able and honest men, they are no more able and honest than Postmaster Wallace"—whose ability was illustrated by his confession that he knew next to nothing about the way things were managed in the office of which he is the nominal head. Another Republican organ in Indiana complains that Mr. Roosevelt is "trying to exalt himself at the expense of the Administration," and accuses him of being a "Mugwump in disguise." Fortunately Mr. Roosevelt does not care a particle what the spoilsmen say about him.

The consular appointments made on Monday, so far as we are able to judge, are respectable, but rather of a personal than of a political caste, illustrating the adage that kissing goes by favor. The assignment of Mr. Eugene Schuyler to Cairo is exceptionally good, and his is perhaps the only name that is likely to be "held up" by the Senate. His work on 'American Diplomacy' is held by some influential Senators to be un-American. This does not mean that he has been untruthful, but that he has exposed too freely the blunders made and the injury done by some of our diplomatic agents in the past. The error which he committed in his allusions to the late Elihu B. Washburne was amply apologized for and corrected in the second edition of his work. It would seem that there was room here for the exercise of magnanimity on the part of Mr. Washburne's relatives and friends.

The reappointment of "Joe" Manley as Postmaster of Augusta, Me., though a Democrat had to be removed before his term had expired in order to give him the place, is the theme of a despatch from Augusta to the New York *Tribune*, so complacent that "Joe" himself may be the author of it. It says that there is general satisfaction over the change, and that "a nephew of Mr. Blaine will be assistant postmaster." There is probably nowhere in the country a more thoroughly solidified Blaine man than "Joe" Manley. His chief occupation for years has been to travel about the country and be interviewed on the question of Blaine's strength with the people. No other man ever knew the exact whereabouts and dimensions of so many "Blaine cyclones" and "prairie fires" as he. He was always prepared to give assurance that "Blaine would sweep the country" at any given time, and we have not the slightest doubt that he is making a prediction of that kind at this moment. His chief exploit since Harrison's election has been the defeat of a ballot-reform bill in the Maine Legislature. There is no "reform nonsense" of any kind about him.

The sympathies of all right-minded people will go out towards that eminent Republican Boy "Bob" McCord, who has been twice within reach of a good office, and has in each case lost it because his "pull" on the President was not so good as that of the President's son. McCord, soon after the President entered upon his duties, picked out the office of Postal-Stamp Agent in this city as the place which suited him. It had a salary of $2,500 and there was little or no work to do. He told Senator Hiscock and "Tom" Platt of his choice, and they promised him he should have it. He was waiting confidently for it to come, when he read in the newspapers one morning the announcement that it had been given to a gentleman in Pittsburgh who had been a college chum of Russell Harrison. Bob was indignant, and so were Messrs. Platt and Hiscock, who assured him that he should have something "equally as good" without fail. They finally agreed with him upon a similar place, that of Postal-Note Agent, and went to Mr. Wanamaker and requested it. Mr. Wanamaker informed them that it had just been given to a friend of Russell Harrison's business partner. Bob's wrath when he heard of this second disappointment was naturally great, but as Russell Harrison has now sailed for Europe, he is in hope of getting something "equally as good" before long.

We do not see upon what principle of law or equity a customs tax is levied a second time on an oil portrait which has been returned to the foreign artist to be retouched. The ruling quoted in justification of the levy says, that "dutiable merchandise imported and afterwards exported, although it may have paid duty on the first importation, is liable to duty on every subsequent importation into the United States." If an oil portrait can be justly termed merchandise when it is not intended to be sold, about which there may be doubt, it seems certain that the word "exportation" does not apply to it if is not sent out of the country for a commercial purpose. If Mr. Vanderbilt had ordered a picture from Bonnat, and, after paying duties on it and keeping it some time, had sent it back to Paris for sale, and had bought it in at the sale, the picture would have acquired a new commercial character. It would have been exported and reimported. But the case recently decided at the Treasury Department, by which Mr. Vanderbilt is fined $3,000 for having his portrait retouched by the artist who painted it, is very different. It looks like a case of inexcusable extortion.

At the sale of M. Secrétan's pictures, Millet's "Angelus" was bought for the gallery of the Louvre for $110,600, after spirited competition by Americans, who had bid $110,000. Upon the face of things it would appear that the French bid was the highest, but in reality the American bid was $33,000 higher, the duty on works of art being 30 per cent. The price which the New York bidders were willing to pay for the picture was $143,000—that is, $110,000 to the owner and $33,000 as a fine levied by our Government upon higher education, cultivation, and taste. Something like $15,000 was paid by Mr. William Schaus as a penalty for bringing Rembrandt's

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"Gilder" into the country. There has been a large distribution of fines on our most public-spirited citizens for offences of this nature, and the infliction goes on all the time. It is something to reflect upon that in every competition for the highest works of art in Europe, American bidders are handicapped 30 per cent. by the tariff. Perhaps the French Government were resolved that Millet's "Angelus" should not go out of the country. Perhaps they would have bid more than $143,000, but perhaps not. We have the satisfaction of reflecting that *our* laws gave *them* the advantage of $33,000 in the bidding.

On the 7th day of March last the Pennsylvania Legislature passed a resolution reciting that the Hon. Simon Cameron would, on the following day, have reached the ninetieth year of a life "unexcelled in public interest and importance in the history of the State and nation," and that, in view of this fact, they (the Senate and House of Representatives) would proceed in a body to his residence and pay their respects to him. This plan was carried out with all the outward marks of admiration and regard that could have been paid to any aged philosopher or statesman. The resolution, be it observed, did not affirm that Mr. Cameron's career had been useful to the State or nation, or that it had been respectable, but merely that it had been interesting and important. In what ways it had been of interest and importance was left to the recollection or the imagination of each member voting for or participating in the ceremony. The Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph*, in a full-page review, recalls the principal events in Mr. Cameron's life. It is the picture of a man who had rare qualifications for playing upon the selfishness and greed of his fellow-men, and who so used the baser passions of others as to advance himself to high position, and maintain himself during a long life as a party "boss."

Among the incidents called up by his death is the trifling circumstance that, during his brief career as Secretary of War, he put the sum of $2,000,000 of public money into the hands of one Alexander Cummings, a political henchman of his, and a delegate to the Chicago Convention of the previous year, to spend as he (Cummings) might see fit for the prosecution of the war. The money was nominally in the hands of three respectable citizens of New York; but as it was subject to Cummings's draft without any restrictions, it became evident that the use of the names of Messrs. Dix, Blatchford, and Opdyke was intended to turn suspicion away from Cummings and Cameron. A committee of Congress, of which Mr. Dawes of Massachusetts was chairman, soon got after Cummings, and scared him and his chief so that they redeposited in the Treasury $1,750,000 of the money. There was a long and tedious effort to find out what had been done with the balance. At last it was found that Cummings had made a contract for 75,000 pairs of shoes at $2.20 per pair, being 30 cents above the market price, and that he had freighted a schooner, appropriately called the *Catiline*, with a lot of miscellaneous goods, for Annapolis, which were neither hospital stores nor army rations, embracing among other things twenty-five casks of Scotch ale and ten casks of London porter. This was, of course, a private speculation. When Cummings was questioned about the loading of this schooner, he denied all knowledge of it, and repeated his denial several times under oath. Finally, a letter from him was found addressed to Cameron, stating that he had loaded the *Catiline* with the goods at Cameron's own order.

A week's discussion of their new secret-ballot law by the Connecticut press has resulted in showing that the measure is so crudely and clumsily drawn, and so filled with contradictions, that nobody can tell definitely whether it will amount to anything in practice or not. The chief merit which it was supposed to have was in securing a secret ballot, yet the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.) unites with the New Haven *Register* (Dem.) in the belief that under its provisions secret voting will be optional. The latter authority says: "You can vote secretly if you choose; you are expected to vote straight, and you may let the men in the polling-place see your ballot if you want to." If this be the correct view, the law is worse than useless—it is an aid to dishonesty. A more perfect system for keeping track of bribed voters all the way to the ballot-box could not be devised. Under the law, the State is to supply the official paper upon which all ballots are to be printed. The printing is to be done by the political organizations. There is here no obstacle whatever to printing "split" or "crooked" tickets, but rather a help towards printing them. A voter can get a ballot outside the polling-place or inside, as he pleases. This will permit him to have his ballot marked for him to suit a boss or briber before he enters, to take it in with him, and to bring out the one he receives inside as proof that he has voted the first one and kept his bargain. The law provides an envelope in which he may place his ballot, but is clumsily worded in respect to the use of this envelope, which it does not make compulsory. The provision at best is of doubtful value. The envelopes could easily be imitated, the ballots obtained and marked outside could be placed in them and sealed outside, and the official envelope received inside could be used as proof that the first envelope was deposited. Finally, it was supposed that workers of all kinds were prohibited from coming nearer than 100 feet of the polls. The law merely says that "No person shall peddle or offer any ballot to another person" within that distance. This allows all "workers," except ticket-peddlers, the same liberty as heretofore.

The *Evening Post* published on Thursday an examination of the Behring Sea question by Mr. Robert Rayner of Salem, Mass., which strikes us as the clearest statement yet made by any one. It is the only one we have happened to see which points out the fact that Behring Sea was not mapped at all when the treaties of 1824 and 1825 were made, and was not distinguished and separated from the North Pacific Ocean by any authority in any country until 1873. Obviously, it is easier for us to set up an exclusive claim to Behring Sea than to the North Pacific. There was no apparent design in giving a new name to this segment of the ocean; but this is a case where names are things, or are made to serve the purpose of things, and they have served to create the impression very widely among us that we have more rights in Behring Sea than we should have if there were no such division of waters on the map. Mr. Rayner's communication is well worth study in other particulars also.

A good example to county-fair managers is afforded by the Sussex County (New Jersey) Agricultural Society, which, in the prospectus of its annual fair for next September, offers four special premiums amounting to $100 (with entrance fees added) for "best and fastest walking team, to be exhibited and driven in farm-harness to farm-wagon." This is an unusual provision and one very worthy of imitation. It will result in more direct practical good to a farming region than many "agricultural horse-trots" between fourth-rate animals imported for the occasion, which tend very little, if any, to "improve the breed of horses" of the neighborhood, and do tend somewhat to deteriorate the breed of men. And even if the road-horse be, in fact, slowly improved through the stimulus to breeding afforded by the trotting exhibitions, still, that is of less consequence than improvement of farm-horses. It is pleasant, and sometimes very convenient, to be carried swiftly along the road (though for this you must have good roads, and they are few), but that is only an affair of now and then, while the farm-horse is at work every day and all day, so to speak, and half-a-mile an hour increase in his speed means dollars in bank for his owner.

The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* publishes some statistics regarding the production of sugar from sorghum in the State of Kansas, from which it appears that with buildings and machinery costing $38,500, about 100,000 pounds of sugar, 36,000 gallons of molasses, and 6,000 bushels of seed were turned out at Conway Springs, which sold for $13,820. The cost of producing the same was $14,836—net loss, $1,016. A bounty of two cents per pound was paid by the State for the sugar produced, which gave the sugar-producers a profit of $983 for the season's operations. The tariff bounty of two cents per pound added to the State bounty of two cents amounts to more than the price of good West India sugar in bond in the New York market in ordinary seasons. The *Bulletin* does not find much in the figures to warrant the belief that sorghum will crowd the Sugar Trust to the wall very soon.

Mr. Robert P. Porter recently addressed a letter to the editor of the Albany *Argus*, complaining that the latter had misrepre-

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sented him. Among other things Mr. Porter said: "Since I have had any opinions whatever on the subject of the tariff, I have been an earnest believer and advocate of protection." The *Argus* reminds Mr. Porter that he contributed to the *Galaxy Magazine*, vol. xxiv., No. 6, for December, 1877, an article over his signature, entitled "The Truth about the Strike," in which he said:

"The mistaken system of imports has done much to limit the field for our production. The Government, in attempting to protect American industries, has introduced into our tariff laws many features that oppress our manufactories, close important markets, and thereby diminish the healthy demand for labor. It is not necessary to call attention to the prostration of the woollen mills. What has all the Government nursing done for them? Mr. Mitchell, the British judge at Philadelphia in the class of 'wool and silk fabrics,' in his recent report, says: 'The hours of labor in America are sixty-six per week, against fifty-six and a half in England, and the wages average 25 per cent. more than in this country. But the cost of living in America is considerably higher, and I do not think the operatives are in any better position at present than with us.' And yet for years the mistaken cry has gone up that American operatives wanted protection against the pauper workmen of the Old World!"

In his letter to the *Argus* Mr. Porter said that "of the twenty experts thus far decided upon to aid in the census work, fifteen were employed on the tenth census *in the same capacity* by Mr. Walker," and that "of the five new appointments made by the present Superintendent of the Census, *not one represents manufacturing associations.*" The *Argus* points out that Mr. S. N. D. North, who had charge of the newspaper statistics under Gen. Walker, has been appointed the expert in charge of wool and woollen statistics by Mr. Porter; and that at the time he was appointed by Mr. Porter as census expert he had been appointed Secretary of the National Association of Woollen Manufacturers, being paid $5,000 a year to furnish brains for the Association and plead the cause of high taxes upon clothing. On the whole, it appears to have been a mistake of judgment on Mr. Porter's part to have written a letter to the editor of the *Argus*.

The *Sun* has a series of letters hitherto unpublished relating to the political campaign of 1864, showing that the "Frémont movement" of that year was a very serious matter, and that it did really put the Presidential ticket of Lincoln and Johnson in serious peril—contrary to the jaunty treatment of that subject by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay in the June number of the *Century Magazine*. The truth is that, although the Cleveland Convention which nominated Frémont and Cochrane was thinly attended, the division in the Republican ranks was just cause of alarm. Mr. Lincoln knew this quite as well as anybody. The defection of the Germans in the West was especially alarming. The final withdrawal of Frémont averted the danger, but even after this the State of New York was carried by only 6,749 votes, and Connecticut by only 2,406, while New Jersey was lost by 7,301. In Pennsylvania the Republican majority of 89,000 in 1860 was whittled down to 20,075. These figures are more decisive than anybody's random recollections of the state of the public mind in the autumn of 1864. The question has often been asked, how it happened that Montgomery Blair resigned as a member of Lincoln's Cabinet on the same day that Frémont withdrew from the Presidential contest. The common talk at the time was, that Frémont made Blair's withdrawal the condition of his own. He looked upon the Blairs as his enemies and as the cause of his misfortunes. Perhaps no evidence can be found to show the existence of a bargain of which Blair was the victim. Perhaps Blair did not look upon himself in the light of a victim. He published a letter in which he said that he had tendered his resignation in order to restore harmony among the friends of the Union cause. That might mean much or little, but the coincidence between his withdrawal and Frémont's, and the great importance of the latter event in the pending campaign, certainly lent plausibility to the current rumor that the one thing hinged upon the other.

Public opinion in Italy was greatly concerned during the first part of June with the action of the Italian consul at Trieste. By the terms of a convention between Italy and Austria made in 1884, Italian subjects living in Austrian territory can dispose of their property in accordance with the Italian laws of inheritance. In accordance with this, an Italian notary undertook to preside at the opening of the will of a deceased Italian, and to take charge of the distribution of legacies, but was excluded by Consul Durando. When the affair became known in Italy, it stirred up the Irredentists mightily, and they at once launched a motion of censure in the Chamber. This gave Crispi a chance to make a speech on the whole subject of Italian foreign politics, and particularly on the subject of the Italian consular service, in which he made some surprising statements. He fairly rivalled Bismarck in denunciation of the officiousness of many foreign consuls, saying that the whole body was more or less infected with the *morbus consularis*. Obsolete and senseless methods he declared to be common in the conduct of consular business—for example, he had found that all the cipher despatches were written in French. He said that many of Italy's consuls, a few years ago, owed their appointment to the Pope, and that even now a few had been named by that dignitary. Naturally, he promised thorough reforms in this branch of the public business. What he had to say about the new prestige of Italy due to her foreign alliances was probably as flattering to national pride as he meant it to be. He even went so far as to adopt Minghetti's phrase, "In any reconstruction of the map of Europe, Italy has everything to gain and nothing to lose." This could be taken as a glance either at the old Italian provinces now under Austrian jurisdiction, or at Nice and Savoy.

A political and historical document of much interest and some importance has just been discovered in the archives of the Ministry of Public Instruction at Rome. This is the rough draught of a speech delivered on the 9th of June, 1848, by Count Mamiani, at that time First Minister of Pius IX., on the occasion of the opening of the Roman Parliament. Count Mamiani, speaking for the Pope, told the Roman Deputies that the Holy Father really made but little account of the temporal power. He preferred to live in the high sphere of his spiritual realm, in the calm atmosphere of dogma, and be connected with the lower world only by dispensing to it the word of God, and by his prayers for it, and his blessing and his absolution. This statement of his attitude was not long afterwards disavowed by Pius IX. in an allocution which he delivered at Gaeta, in which he denied expressly that any authority had been given to Count Mamiani for such an expression. It is, therefore, rather interesting to find that the rough draught of Mamiani's speech had certainly passed through the Pope's hands, since it shows a number of annotations and corrections in the well-known handwriting of Pius IX. The Italian Government considers the new-found document of so much importance that it has had it photographed, the *Temps* says, and sent a copy to every public library in the kingdom. Doubtless Signor Crispi feels some satisfaction over the detection of an almost sainted Pope in a piece of practical politics.

The resignation of his office on May 19 by President Rójas Paúl of Venezuela and its subsequent recall, in obedience to the great popular desire, are facts suggestive of considerable change in the political affairs of that country. As is well known, Venezuela has long been considered by Guzman Blanco as a private possession of his own. In easy alternation he has held the office of President and Minister to England or France for many years, and has been in reality a dictator of the most pronounced sort. Until recently, it has been nothing for him to direct the administration of domestic affairs from Paris, where he has negotiated a perfect cloud of contracts for internal improvements. His prestige was somewhat impaired, however, by his bad management of the dispute with Great Britain over the Guiana boundary. Conceding the justice of his claim, it was little short of ridiculous for him to threaten England with war, as practically he did; and the suspension of diplomatic relations between the two countries, which has lasted for more than two years, has certainly not fallen out to the advantage of Venezuela. Moreover, President Paúl has been administering the Government with vigor and economy, greatly to the satisfaction of the people, and has been understood to be decidedly in revolt against Blanco, his supposed creator. His resignation was probably intended to test the popular sentiment, and his resumption of the Presidency seems to mean an attempt to throw off the fetters of Guzman. The President's term expires in the fall, and he is not eligible to reëlection, but it is probable that some champion of his policy will be found to contest the field with the country's feudal lord.

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REACTIONARY POLITICS.

THE reactionary drift in Republicanism is strikingly illustrated by the action of the Ohio State Convention last week. A candidate for Governor was to be nominated, and, despite the strong prejudice against a third term, the honor was given to Foraker, as cheap a demagogue, with the exception of "Dave" Hill, as has of late years attained high office in this country. As the *Tribune* very happily says, "the platform matches the candidate." After endorsing the Harrison Administration generally, it says: "Especially do we commend the just *and liberal* policy of the Pension Bureau in carrying out the pledges of the loyal people to the soldiers of the Union." The Pension Bureau is a branch of the Government conducted under certain laws which the Commissioner is sworn to execute. The Commissioner has no right to have either a "liberal" or a stingy policy. His only policy is to take care that the laws relating to pensions be "faithfully executed." Corporal Tanner has usurped the power to go beyond this, and do what he thinks the laws ought to justify him in doing, whether they do or not; and for this usurpation of power he is commended. Of a piece with this is the plank which declares that "we favor the passage by Congress at its next session of a proper and equitable service pension bill for all honorably discharged Union soldiers and seamen of the late war." This is the first time that a State convention has ever advanced such a demand, and it marks a pitch of extravagance that was not dreamed of a few years ago. There are nearly a million veterans not now receiving nor entitled to pensions who would be put on the pay-roll by such a bill. The rate usually proposed is $8 a month, or $96 a year, so that the carrying out of this policy would mean an addition of *nearly one hundred million dollars a year* to the expenditures of the Government—an amount far beyond the existing surplus, and so, of course, requiring increased taxation of all the people to pay annual stipends to hundreds of thousands of men who are in good health, abundantly able to earn a living, and in a large proportion of cases as "well off" as their neighbors.

The one appointment by the President which is picked out for praise is that of Patrick Egan. Here is the resolution in question:

> "We congratulate the people of Ireland on the progress of their struggle for home rule, and in this Convention we endorse the course of President Harrison in the selection for honorable position in the diplomatic service of worthy and representative Irish-American citizens."

No word of commendation for German-American citizens who have been appointed to represent the country abroad; not a syllable of praise for Americans, pure and simple, without any prefix, like Robert T. Lincoln, for example; but praise only for the man, but recently naturalized, who was appointed at the request of leading members of the murderous Clan-na-Gael organization.

No feature of the platform is more significant than the planks which are missing, and which were used by the men who prepared the platform of four years ago. In June, 1885, the Ohio Republicans held a State convention and adopted these resolutions:

> "The Republican party, which enacted the present Civil-Service Law, will faithfully maintain it, and cheerfully aid in all needed amendments to give it full force, and it is committed to extend the law to all grades of service to which it is applicable.
>
> "Ample appropriations should be made to enforce it in letter and spirit, and all laws at variance with the objects of existing reform legislation should be repealed. Having accomplished this much, the party pledges itself to still further and higher reforms; it looks with the deepest regret upon the failure of the present Administration to promote the reform of the civil service, so auspiciously begun under Republican Administration."

The platform adopted on Wednesday week has not one word to say upon the subject of civil-service reform. A Republican Civil-Service Commission has just been overhauling the administration of the Indianapolis Post-office by a Republican Postmaster, and insisting upon his discharge of a Republican gambler and other Republicans appointed in violation of the Civil-Service Law; but the Convention has not one word of praise for Mr. Roosevelt and his associates. The question is now pending at Washington whether the hundreds of clerks to be appointed in the Census Bureau shall be appointed under the spoils system, or by competitive examination under the Civil-Service Law—in other words, whether the President shall "extend the law" to a "grade of service to which it is applicable"; but the Convention does not ask such extension. Gen. Thomas M. Browne of Indiana, one of the most prominent Republican Congressmen from the West, recently came out strongly in favor of abolishing the Civil-Service Law; but the Convention does not even endorse the law. The Commissioners have recently explained that their work is greatly hampered by lack of funds: but the Convention does not call for "ample appropriations to enforce it in letter and spirit," or pledge the party to "still further and higher reforms." This silence is more significant than words could be, for it is known that an attempt was made to secure the insertion of a plank endorsing the reform.

A formal commendation by a State convention of a Treasury customs decision against a taxpayer, on his appeal from a ruling by local taxing officers, is quite unprecedented, and for the reason, among others, that such commendation has been looked upon as an intervention between litigants who have gone to the courts, and, in effect, an attempt to put outside partisan pressure on the judges who are to decide finally. The Ohio Convention, nevertheless, unanimously adopted this resolution:

> "We heartily endorse the decision of the Secretary of the Treasury whereby the duty on worsted is made dutiable at the same rate as upon woollen goods, thereby benefiting our manufacturing and wool industry."

The *naïveté* of the resolution is very taking. The Treasury did not decide that worsted goods are dutiable as woollen goods, but that the fabrics entered by the importers as worsteds were, in fact and in law, woollens. The Secretary said the proper customs officers had found and decided that those goods were *woollen* cloths and manufactures of *wool*, and he would not disturb the finding and decision. He upheld an error of fact and law, thereby altering the law and, by such error, making worsted goods dutiable as woollen goods.

Why was such exceptional and unfamiliar action taken by the Ohio Convention? It strengthens greatly the suspicion that the Treasury change in the name of the fabric was the result of an ante-election intrigue which Mr. Windom executed, because constrained by the Republican leaders, and which, being executed, needs a party endorsement. An alternative hypothesis is, that word has been passed around among the Republican leaders to try to drop agitation of tariff taxation in Congress, and rely on such an increase of rates by Treasury order as will content the manufacturers and the tariff beneficiaries. But, whatever the motive, the Republican party of Ohio has committed itself to upholding the decision of Secretary Windom that the law of 1883 made worsted goods dutiable as woollen goods, and to upholding the reasons therefor assigned by him in his opinion of May 27, 1889. We shall probably see other Republican conventions committing themselves, one after another, in the same way. The Republican "bosses" will thus serve formal notice on the Federal judges, and on all aspirants for places on the Federal bench, that no judicial interference in an increase of customs taxes by Assistant-Secretary Tichenor will be tolerated by the party chiefs. The decision in 1887 that worsted was not, *in law*, woollen, was made by a Western magistrate, an Illinois Federal judge, and a Republican of the purest type; and yet the Republicans of Ohio, under the whip of the lords of the loom, formally condemn it, and significantly warn the Supreme Court at Washington that it must reverse Judge Blodgett's decision.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA IDEA.

THE acquittal of Dr. McDow for the killing of Capt. Dawson, although very shocking to the moral sense of the country, ought not to be considered surprising. Due process of law in South Carolina, and in the South generally, would require that some near relative of Capt. Dawson should kill McDow, in which case he would be acquitted because he had a strong feeling against McDow. Then, if a near relative of McDow should kill the near relative of Dawson, he, too, would be acquitted on the same grounds. There are no assignable limits to a vendetta of this kind, short of the extinction of the families. It is a drawback to the due execution of law, in the present case, that the Dawsons, being English, have been bred to other ideas regarding the processes of law. In order to get yourself up to the state of mind for killing on sight, or shooting your enemy in the back, it is necessary that you should have breathed the right atmosphere when you were young, and have had the genuine strain in your blood. If McDow had done to a South Carolinian what he did to this naturalized Englishman, he would have been acquitted just the same by a South Carolina jury, but the chances are ten to one that

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he would bite the dust before the end of a twelvemonth. And if the girl whom he tried to seduce, and whom he reviled in his testimony, had been a native of South Carolina, and had had brothers, McDow's life would be a risk that no insurance company would look at. It is not unlikely that he took account of both these circumstances, the one when he did the shooting and the other when he gave his testimony. A person who would shoot another in the back, and revile a woman whose affections he had sought to gain, would calculate the chances of private vengeance to a nicety. The prospect of punishment in pursuance of the statute law he must have known was next to nothing.

Repulsive as is the case in its judicial aspect, that is not the worst part of it. McDow was elected surgeon of a military company while he was still on trial. Military companies in South Carolina represent society, as they did before the war. Public opinion in South Carolina, therefore, seems to require that courts and juries should be advised *aliunde* not to deal hardly with one who shoots his fellow-man in the back, and makes jests publicly concerning the virtue of a woman whom he pretended to love, and to whom he had confided the secret that he hated his own wife and had married her for money. So much baseness has perhaps seldom been assembled in one character in the criminal dock, for when we compare McDow with other villains, we must remember that he is an educated one—no low-browed product of the bogs of Ireland, or the hills of Calabria, or the gutters of New York. He is a Southern gentleman, the member of a learned profession, the scion of a respectable family. The members of this military company have distinctly advertised themselves savages. They have put the same hall-mark on the city and State in which they live. There might be some excuse for a jury perplexed by the cunning of lawyers, but there can be none for these "soldiers." If any body of men in a really civilized State had so sought to influence a jury sitting on a case of life and death, the judge would have issued an attachment against them, and sent them to jail as fast as the Sheriff could gather them in.

One peculiarity of this trial was that half of the jury were colored men, but this really signifies little. The blacks of Charleston had some prejudice against Capt. Dawson, but it is idle to suppose that they had any, even the smallest, influence on the white men of the jury. The decision rested with the whites as the social superiors. The negroes as well as the whites have been taught that killing is not murder unless it is accompanied by robbery. They have had some experience that killing for purposes of lust is punishable with death if the murderer is one of their own color and the victim one of the opposite color, but not that the penalty should be inflicted by a jury. Due process of law in such cases is lynching, and it is doubtful whether they have any idea of law except as superior force. They generally desire to stand well with the whites, and will always do what they think will tend that way, provided the rights and privileges of their race are not in question. If South Carolina white men think that you have a right to kill neighbors who make themselves disagreeable to you, South Carolina black men will think the same.

Capt. Dawson was a man of noble qualities, and the act for which he was put to death was one which challenges the admiration of all right-minded men. He made himself disagreeable to McDow by interfering with his hellish designs upon a young woman in Dawson's employ. South Carolinians are as fully alive to the high qualities for which Dawson was distinguished as any people can be. They have as much regard for the virtue of women (if they are white) as any people; indeed, they may perhaps be regarded as more sensitive on this point than most communities. But the conviction that homicide is a venial offence, if not committed for purposes of gain, is the ruling sentiment. It found abundant expression on the Lord's Day, when McDow went to church, where, the despatches say, he "was quite overwhelmed with congratulations from his friends and patients, among whom were many ladies." The whole affair shows us a community only half emerged from barbarism. It is part of the barbarism of slavery, surviving after the lapse of a quarter of a century the institution that nursed these shocking ideas of the relations and duties of human beings towards each other.

SUNDAY OUTINGS.

President Harrison's practice of taking a Sunday outing from his White House workshop every week during the hot season, and the equanimity with which this method of recreation is accepted by the religious public, illustrate in a most striking manner the change that has come about in the observance of the first day of the week. Mr. Harrison's plan has usually been to board a yacht on Saturday, spend the next day in ease on the vessel down the river, or perhaps put outside the Capes at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay towards night, and get back to his desk some time on Monday. A fortnight ago he introduced a variation by taking a trip to Cape May on Saturday, giving the next day to enjoyment of the beauties of that resort, and returning to Washington on Monday. In every case the main feature of the outing has been the opportunity to spend Sunday away from the scene of the week's work, and where there would be no imperious demand of other duties, like attendance on religious services, which a Presbyterian elder might feel bound to discharge if he were within sound of the bell on the church which he regularly attends.

A quarter of a century ago it would have been impossible for a President to pursue this course without provoking severe criticism. The war, of course, introduced a solemn element which would have made Lincoln's indulgence in a weekly yachting trip over Sunday grate with uncommon force upon the public mind; but if there had been no war, Lincoln could not have done twenty-eight years ago what Harrison does now, except at a loss of public respect which he could not safely have incurred. The religious newspapers would have overwhelmed him with long lectures on the dreadful example he was setting the young, ministers would have preached about his bad conduct, Sabbath-observance societies would have printed tracts on the pernicious character of such "Sabbath" outings. On the other hand, nobody whose opinion is entitled to weight enters any complaint against Mr. Harrison for the way he spends the day, and so straight an organ of New England Puritanism as the Boston *Congregationalist* makes the following editorial comment upon the matter: "President Harrison is reported to be annoyed at the criticisms of his yachting trips from Saturday to Monday. They are sensible excursions, and will do him needed good, and we trust that his critics will hold their peace."

The change thus illustrated is a change for the better. Ancient Sabbatarianism had transformed Sunday into a day which it was a ghastly sarcasm to call a "day of rest." Long sermons three times a day, with an hour of Sabbath-school somewhere interspersed, and a strong dose of the catechism administered by force, if necessary—such was the repose for the mind; while for the body there was the tranquillity produced by the substitution of "cold victuals" for the ordinary hot dinner; and for the spirit the peace flowing from the denial of even a walk through the fields to enjoy the beauties of Sabbath-breaking flowers, and hear the melody of Sabbath-breaking birds. Such a régime could only survive while unquestioning obedience to an accepted order was the rule, and it was bound to yield before the first onset of common-sense criticism.

Ancient Sabbatarianism would have said to President Harrison on Saturday: "What if you are tired with your week's work? So much the more reason why you should stay in Washington on the holy Sabbath, go to church, read the Bible, the catechism, and the Religious (but not the Secular) Department of the New York *Observer*, and behave generally like a good Christian, as you claim to be; instead of going off down the Potomac, where you don't expect (and don't want) to find any church, sitting around on deck enjoying the breeze, when you ought to be in your pew; viewing the sunset from a yacht at sea, when you ought to be 'going to evening meeting'; or eating a good hot dinner of several courses at Cape May, and then taking a drive along the beach." Modern common sense, with the endorsement even of the religious press, says to him: "You are tired, and Sunday was intended for a day of rest. Spend the day as you think will rest you most—dropping lazily down the Potomac or outside the Capes, if you like, taking a drive along the beach, or strolling through the fields—only being careful that you do not disturb others."

In referring to some unreasonable criticisms of his Sunday outings, President Harrison recently said that he had "no other time for rest," and that he "must rest if he was to keep on with his work." This is precisely the situation with the overwhelming

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majority of his fellow-citizens. They have no other time for rest than Sunday, and they must rest on Sunday if they are to do good work the other six days of the week. Few of them are so fortunate that they can get off for the weekly outing early in the day on Saturday, and need not be back at their tasks before noon on Monday. The masses of city population can only leave home on Sunday morning, and must be back there by Sunday night. The poor Philadelphian, for instance, who wants to enjoy a glimpse of Cape May on Sunday, cannot take a boat or train thither on Saturday and another home on Monday, but must crowd the whole trip into the one day. This is not so pleasant nor so well in any way as the more leisurely method open to the President, but it is much better for the tired worker than to go without a whiff of salt air all summer. So of the masses in New York and Brooklyn with reference to Coney Island, and of poor folks in the *Congregationalist's* city with reference to Nantasket Beach. There are, to be sure, people who still affect to draw a line between the Sunday outing on which one starts Saturday evening and from which he returns Monday morning, and that on which he starts Sunday morning and from which he returns Sunday evening; but any such distinction is abhorrent to the sense of justice, and cannot be maintained.

President Harrison's example will undoubtedly give an impetus to the movement in favor of making the restful feature of "the day of rest" its chief feature, for it will open the eyes of many to the truth that this is the great blessing of the break between two sets of working days. That this movement makes in the direction of public health, public content, and public morality cannot be doubted by any candid observer. The most rigid Sabbatarian, with the most violent prejudices against Sunday concerts, for example, only needs to view the wonderful spectacle presented in Central Park on a Sunday afternoon in midsummer to feel—and confess, if he is honest—that he has not understood what he has been talking about in his ignorance. There is more happiness, better order, and less crime among the poorer people of New York since cheap Sunday excursions enabled them to take a trip up the river or down the harbor, than when necessity kept them cooped up through the day in tenement-houses far less comfortable than the Executive Mansion, despite all the faults which its occupants find with that place of residence. A Presbyterian elder may justly resent the stigma of being called "a Sabbath-breaker," but Mr. Harrison need not care for such attacks, since he is throwing the weight of his influence on the side of those who have the best authority for believing that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY AND ALMA-TADEMA.

LONDON, June 17, 1889.

THE general impression of the Grosvenor Gallery exhibition this year, as one glances through the splendid rooms, is that it is devoid of any work that would strike or arrest one's attention particularly. There is no lack of good work, by well-known artists, but no one has sent anything of surpassing merit, although by the appeal Sir Coutts Lindsay made to his contributors at a banquet shortly before the sending-in day, it would seem to be understood that the exhibition would stand or fall by the merits, or the reverse, of the present show. The painters of the poetic school who in years gone by always exhibited here, have now all deserted; the impressionists, too, are scarce, and it is chiefly the Academicians and young painters as yet not well known who have sent anything this year. We note among the contributors the names of Millais, Keeley Halswelle, Briton Rivière, Heywood Hardy, Boughton, Tuke, Jacomb Hood, Clausen, and Hennessey. The work of such men, even if not at their best, must needs be interesting.

The centre of the principal gallery is held by Sir John Millais's "Girl Shelling Peas"—a picture he means to present to Sir Frederick Leighton in return for a wax-modelled figure from the hand of the President. The subject is simple, and requires no effort of the imagination to grasp it. A fair-haired maiden in light dress is shelling peas in a china bowl in her lap. Her face is well modelled, the fresh, fair color and manner of painting very characteristic and pleasant; but the hands are very sketchy and without drawing. We should have expected more effort from a labor of love. No. 24, "A Fallen Monarch," by Mr. J. M. Swan, a name become so popular this year, is not as good a picture as either of his works at the Academy or the New Gallery. A dead lion is before us, tied to a rock, with the weapons which have killed him in the foreground. The bony structure is not sufficiently visible, and the pose of the lion and general arrangement are not successful. John Pettie sends a study of a head, No. 23, a fair lady with tawny locks, in a black hat and feathers, painted after the manner of Rubens. It is too much of a reminiscence of this master's work to count as a good original. Pettie sends also a portrait of Rider Haggard, which seems to be considered an excellent likeness: the eyes are looking out into the vague, and have an expression of seeing the weird.

A very poetic landscape is Moffat Lindner's "A Winter Sunset," No. 28—very full of cloud movement and transient sunset effects on a stormy evening across marsh land, with a distant castle and town. Anderson Hague, in "Feeding the Ducks," No. 72, has, out of a commonplace subject, produced a work full of beauty and color. He is one of a small group of Manchester painters known for dash and spirited execution. "Under the Harvest Moon," No. 71, by G. H. Boughton, has certain qualities of delicate color and refinement, but it is evident that Mr. Boughton's method of figure-painting is not at all suited to a life-size scale: it is too uncertain. The figure of the girl against a rock, with a sheaf of golden corn on which she is leaning, relieved against a background of pale evening sky and sea, is not much of a subject.

The full-length portraits of fine ladies are the most noticeable feature of the exhibition. Mr. Shannon's "Marchioness of Granby," No. 17, is gracefully posed; the head is well painted and modelled, and the distribution of light and shade is excellent. It is in the painting of the white satin dress that the picture fails: the folds are mechanical, and the execution is wanting in spirit. In "Mrs. Tower," No. 81, the dress is treated with less hesitation, and the light fur boa round the neck is very well done. No. 206, by the same artist, has a confused background of flowers in vases which interferes with the general effect. No. 114, by Mrs. Waller, a young girl with flowing locks and short black dress, resting on a fleuret, a visor in her hand and fencing gloves on the ground, is excellently posed, well drawn, and firmly painted. Mr. Jacomb Hood has a portrait picture of a lady in amber satin, with a gray-blue Indian scarf, turning towards the spectator, on a flight of stone steps which she is ascending. He calls it "Pauline in the 'Lady of Lyons.'" The action of the outstretched arm is too momentary to be pleasant in a portrait. A harmonious arrangement of color and good flesh painting is to be found in Percy Bigland's portrait of Mrs. George Rhodes, No. 175, a lady in brown velvet dress with pink trimming, resting her head on her hand. We pass over many portraits, having only space for those which strike us as being most remarkable.

"Ploughing" (No. 174), by George Clausen, one of the last elected members of the old Water-Color Society, is rather devoid of interest in the choice of type of the horses, and their legs are not carefully drawn; yet there is such true rendering of nature in the fields and ploughed lands, such good keeping in the values of this picture, that, despite its shortcomings, it cannot be said to be without charm. "The Fisherman," by Mr. Tuke, is a very empty canvas, the design being quite unworthy of the clever painting expended on it. Miss Clara Montalba's Venetian water-piece (No. 68), "Fishing Fleet, Venice," has all the dash and brilliancy she is famed for—a luminous sea and sky, with a group of light-sailed fishing-smacks, with the Island of San Giorgio and the Ducal Palace in the far distance.

It is in the subject pictures of ambitious aims that this Exhibition is so particularly unfortunate; for instance, in Briton Rivière's "Prometheus," in which a very commonplace nude model is seen dangling on a rock, suspended by the wrists—a mere Academy study, and not even good at that—without any of the heroic qualities the title suggests. Keeley Halswelle's "Macbeth and the Weird Sisters" is another very poor attempt to make a picture out of a mere study: the landscape has no reference to the figures, and they are so small in size and so unimportant that they may be said not to interfere with the landscape.

Among the sculpture there is very little of interest: we notice a child's head in bronze by Conrad Dressler—"Non Angli sed Angeli," very beautiful in tender modelling and very refined in type. Further on in Bond Street, this young sculptor has an exhibition to himself of the portrait busts of men of note who have sat to him, among them Ruskin, Swinburne, Madox Brown, the painter, William Morris, the poet and Socialist, and Stanley, the explorer, besides children's heads of great beauty. To return to the Grosvenor, it is very evident from the want of interest in its contents that three exhibitions are too many for London.

Alma-Tadema's new picture, "A Dedication to Bacchus," is exhibited by itself at Lefevre's Gallery, King Street, St. James's, in the stately isolation the importance of the work deserves. There has been much preliminary advertisement for this picture: it has been said that so large a price has never been given to any artist for any single work of art on record; and as the exact sum has not been stated, imagination is allowed every license in fixing it, helping itself with the known facts that Holman Hunt received seven thousand for his "Finding of Christ in the Temple," and Frith ten thousand for his famous "Railway Station." The work is to be engraved in pure line by

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Aug. Blanchard for £2,000, and the essay by F. G. Stevens, critic of the *Athenæum*, in pamphlet form, offered to each visitor who has paid his entrance fee of one shilling, contains all the historical information of which the spectator who does not happen to be an archæological scholar stands in need, in order to understand the detail thoroughly. The pamphlet in question, besides abounding in high panegyric on the superlative excellence of this picture, contains a complete description of all the works of Alma-Tadema illustrating Greek and Roman religious festivals, episodes in their daily life, and the Merovingian subjects, dealing with the conflict of barbarism with civilization. It would seem that, in the choice of Greek and Roman scenes, it was not a matter of architecture, marble-painting, and flowing draperies that prompted Alma-Tadema: his principal object was to show in a sequence of pictures how greatly religion among the ancients favored morality, and how this reverence and gratitude for the gifts of the gods pervaded and beautified ancient life in every phase.

The figures in "A Dedication to Bacchus," sixty in number, are grouped on the white marble platform of a temple on a height beyond which sea of the deepest blue meets the blue sky. White clouds are seen floating on the horizon, against which on one side appear the summits of distant mountains, on the other, an island scintillating in azure distance. On the right hand we see an altar of Bacchus, richly sculptured in white marble tinged with purple from the light coming through the purple awning spread over it, supported by ropes in the foreground; beside the altar, on a high pedestal, is the bronze statue of a centaur, one of the chief dark points of coloring in the design. The high priest and priestess stand, clad entirely in white togas tinted with purple light, in front of the altar, holding vessels of silver in their hand, ready for the libation. The maiden choir, also in white, ivy-wreathed, are behind them chanting in honor of Bacchus and of the dedication of the young child who is the centre of interest of the subject.

The procession, drawing near from the left, forms a dark mass of varied color distinctly outlined against the sky. These people have just ascended to the platform, and are being conducted by a maiden harbinger, who, in white with a tiger skin round her, with flowing locks ivy-crowned, carrying a thyrsus headed with silver hemlock flowers and silver bells, which she is jingling with arms thrown up, is welcoming and encouraging the newcomers to approach. Two girls, carrying long garlands of branches of fir needles tied with yellow ribbons, are dancing and bowing low before the procession; four men in green togas are carrying a hog's-skin full of wine on a red litter. The old father, white-haired and white-bearded, stands supported by his daughter-in-law. Near her, the young child who is to be dedicated to the wine god is naked but for a diaphanous purple veil. She turns with questioning face to an elder girl, who, gracefully bending towards the child, is explaining the ceremony to her. Behind, one sees the players on musical instruments of different kinds—the double pipe, the tabor, the timbrel—the torch-bearers, and the maidens jingling their tambourines with uplifted arms and heads wreathed with vine and ivy. In the extreme foreground, in erect attitude, profile towards us, is a servant of the temple clad in white, a tiger skin wound round her. Before her stands a silver vessel. This impassive figure is evidently waiting for a signal to carry it to the altar. Just beside her a pier of red-veined marble supports a porphyry group of a young man lighting a fire under a vase, making a dark red mass of color against the sky.

The composition is very well massed. All the figures on the right around the altar are in white, varied by their respective shadows, different textures, and the sun shining through the purple velarium, tinging their draperies. The three singing maidens to the right of the priests are very gracefully grouped. In the extreme foreground is an altar covered with ripe fruit. The white marble of the ground is in shadow from the temple, excepting beyond the procession, where bright sunlight falls on it. The procession has the brightest color in the varied garments of its members, and the deep peacock-blue sea behind it makes the greatest dark in the picture. It is precisely in this extreme dark of the sea that the aerial effect is to our mind spoiled. If the light were as great as everything indicates, the sea could not be so dark. The sky, too, which meets it is not distant enough: it is of too opaque a tint. We grant that it is admissible to sink realism in order to obtain a beautiful effect of color, and the dark of the sea is needed; but the sky is neither in accord with reality nor with the exigencies of art. The dancing figures of the advancing priestesses are very full of movement and grace, and the faces have less rigidity and a nearer approach to beauty than in any of Alma-Tadema's pictures. There is more of life, and simpler action, and a greater variety of type. The draperies are quite beautiful in execution, and the painting of accessories as usual unsurpassed in finish. Dexterous touches of color on the wreaths, ribbons, and ornaments give variety throughout.

The keeping of this complicated design is quite marvellous. At first the apparent simplicity of the design strikes one, but closer inspection shows that it is the consummate skill with which the composition has been worked out to which this impression is due. The fulness of color in the figures, the wide spaces of white marble, always abounding in variety of tint and painting, are very striking, even to those who are used to wonder at Alma-Tadema's unrivalled skill where marble and textures are concerned.

IBSEN IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, June 13, 1889.

NO theatrical event in London for many months has been so talked about, and given rise to such animated discussion, as the performance of Henrik Ibsen's "A Doll's House," which is now in its first week at the little Novelty Theatre. It has been performed in London before, but only in a carefully conventionalized version by Messrs. Jones and Herman, when it was a complete failure. Though that was but five years ago, even Mr. William Archer, who is to a great extent responsible for the present performance, and altogether (I believe) for the translation, then thought and declared Ibsen impossible on the English stage. It is therefore somewhat remarkable that in his version, which is scrupulously faithful to the original, with all its undisguised preaching and satire and dramatic unconventionalities, it is having a success. According to the first scheme, but a one night's performance was to be given; then a week's run was arranged for; and now, when the week is but half over, it is announced that it will be kept on at the Novelty for several weeks, subsequently perhaps to be carried to a larger and more popular theatre.

That which makes it doubly interesting, and its success peculiarly significant, is the fact that it is not only a dramatic but a social and moral experiment. Ibsen is a moralist first, and only then a dramatist, and this is the true explanation of the failure of his play when adapted to the accepted dramatic requirements: with its morality, its very life was taken from it. This also accounts for the discussion which the present performance has aroused. If you consider Ibsen at all, you necessarily give him twice as much attention as you would an ordinary dramatist, since you are forced to judge his play first as a work of art and secondly as a moral lesson. Any one but a Robert Buchanan would feel this on reading "A Doll's House"; to see it on the stage is to realize still more forcibly its double value.

The plot of this special play is so well known that it is useless for me here to give more than the merest outline of it. *Nora*, the heroine, has been for eight years married to *Thorvald Helmer*, and, though during that time she has borne him three children, she has never become to him more than his "lark," his "little singing bird," his "squirrel," who plays pretty tricks for him; in a word, she is a doll, and their home, happy as it is, is but a doll's house. Before her marriage she had been treated in much the same way by her father, from whom, moreover, she had inherited nothing but frivolity and irresponsibility. Her circumstances had never encouraged self-development; thanks to them, she had lived entirely unconscious of the serious side and of the duties of life. That, despite her childishness, she has a certain strength of character—decided possibilities of development—is shown by the step she had taken in a crisis which demanded immediate action on her part, several years before the play begins. Her husband was very ill; the doctor would not answer for the consequences unless he was taken at once to Italy and kept there, enjoying complete rest for many months. For the journey £300 was needed; there was no one from whom to obtain it, and the *Helmers* themselves were without money. It was then that *Nora* acted for herself, and borrowed it from a man who made a secret business of money-lending; but even while she thus accepted a great responsibility, she showed her complete ignorance of the meaning of right and wrong. She forged a name in order to secure the sum without further delay.

This forgery is now used by the man from whom she borrowed the money to further his own interests with her husband, who has in the meantime obtained a position of importance. The discovery of her crime suddenly reveals to her the intense selfishness of the latter, whose love for her she had thought his ruling passion; for he, being but an average man, in the horror for what she has done and the threatened consequences, remembers only that his own good name is involved, while she also appreciates for the first time his complete indifference to her moral responsibility, since when, almost at the same moment, the danger to him is averted by the return of the forged paper, he at once assures her of his forgiveness and his readiness to forget everything. Her moral nature is suddenly awakened; she finds not only that she no longer loves her husband, but that she has never known him, and for all these years has been living with a strange man. She realizes that she has duties, not only to husband and children, but first of all to herself; that she has rights—not exactly the political rights for which women now clamor, but rights as a human being. She leaves her husband to devote herself to that self-education which should really have begun with her life.

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This is briefly the plot of a very extraordinary play, and certainly there is nothing in the dramatist's stock-in-trade to warrant it; it is as original as it is striking. To consider it first of all as a work of art: though I had read "A Doll's House" before going to see it on the stage, I was astonished to find how intensely dramatic it is in conception and in arrangement. Few plays written nowadays are as successful in holding your attention and arousing your interest. It is full of movement, and the plot is admirably worked out. The first act perhaps drags a little, a defect which can easily be remedied by judicious cutting down; but no fault of this kind is to be found with the second, the action of which carries you along with it from the moment the curtain rises until the almost sensational dance of the *tarantella*, with which it falls. In the third act, also, there are plenty of fine dramatic situations in the return from the ball—the music of the *tarantella* not yet hushed, *Helmer* flushed and excited, *Nora* pale and silent and ready for suicide, which seems the only escape from her misery; in the sad and tragic farewell of *Dr. Rank;* in the husband's discovery of his wife's crime; in the return of the paper which means freedom from the threatened ruin of peace and happiness. Up to this point the interest never flags; the dramatist proves himself a master of his art. But just here the moralist steps in, banishes the artist from the scene, and sets about preaching a regular sermon. *Nora's* talk with her husband—the first serious one they have ever had, she reminds him—is dangerously like the moral tagged on to a fable. Ibsen attaches far more importance to the promulgation of his gospel than to the perfecting of his work of art. He is determined that no one, not even the most obtuse, shall miss the full meaning of the lesson he has given. The whole case is neatly summed up by *Nora*, woman's claim to the right of self-development and moral independence established, and art sacrificed to morality.

That moral and social problems are not legitimate subjects for the stage, few would find it easy to maintain. Ever since the days of Æschylus and Sophocles, there have been dramatists whose only inspiration has come from the great moral problems of humanity. But even were this not so, it is as inevitable today that the drama should begin to deal with social and moral questions as it was that the comedy of Charles II.'s time should be licentious, the novel of Fielding's coarse. This is a day of social and moral revolutions—mistaken, perhaps, but that is for future generations to decide—just as Charles II.'s was one of terrible revolt against an over-exalted moral code, as Fielding's was one when no gentleman was worthy of the name unless he knew how to take his pleasure, and with him pleasure meant wine and women. As time goes on, our stage, like our novel, is bound to be more and more concerned with the great problems which preoccupy the civilized world. The prospect may not be pleasant, but it is not to be averted. We are simply what previous generations have made us. We may mourn over the fact that we are not as picturesque or gay as our forefathers, but our mourning will not bring back their picturesqueness or gayety.

Ibsen is only one of the first of many who are to follow, in his choice of subjects as in the realism (or naturalism the French would call it) with which he presents them. Just as he is not willing to place a set of conventional puppets against a realistic background, as is still the prevalent fashion on the English stage, but must show real men and women, so he cannot rest satisfied with the melodramatic standard of virtue and vice, or the convenient doctrine of chance, but must govern stage life by the same laws which govern real life. This is all as it should be. His characters are but the more interesting because they are genuine human beings; his plots the more impressive because they touch upon those things with which we are just now most deeply concerned. But the play itself should express its own moral, should teach its own lesson; it should no more need a final explanation, or summing up, or moral, than a story by Daudet or Zola, or a picture by Whistler or Manet. It is chiefly because of the reality of all that has gone before that the last scene in the "Doll's House" jars upon one; you feel there must have been a flaw somewhere if the play, with all its action and power, has failed to explain itself. Of course, in reading it, this is not so noticeable, since one reads Ibsen the moralist rather than Ibsen the dramatist. But on the stage I thought it artistically a serious defect. I left the theatre asking myself whether, after all, the pulpit or the platform was not Ibsen's proper sphere.

And now for the moral: The whole drama is, as Mr. Archer has written, "a plea for woman's rights—not for her right to vote and prescribe medicine, but for her right to exist as a responsible member of society, 'a being breathing thoughtful breath,' the complement and equal of man." This is a subject of seemingly paramount importance to the Scandinavian dramatists. Ibsen touches upon it in other of his plays, in "Ghosts" for example, just as in "A Doll's House" he recurs to the doctrine of heredity, which is the main theme of "Ghosts"; Mrs. Anne C. Edgren treats it with much bitterness and satire in her "True Women"; Björnson presents some theories relating to it, startling enough to the conventional man, in "A Gauntlet." They all seem to feel it to be their mission to proclaim woman's rights as a human being. It is curious to turn from them to Anglo-Saxons who have also written on the woman question. Take Karl Pearson, for example, one of many whom I have not space to mention here; he, with Ibsen, is conscious of the number of dolls existing in the world to-day—"shopping dolls," he calls them—and yet what is the right he demands for women? Not merely the right to common sense and self-development, because he sees that the average woman cares as little to develop herself as the average man, but the right to industrial, social, and moral equality, because he realizes that there are already as many women as there are men who would know how to profit by it.

In other words, the Scandinavian dramatists demand that which the English or American moralist takes it for granted has already been obtained. English women have less freedom in many ways than American; but even in England, if a woman, after eight years of married life, and after having given birth to three children, were to remain a childish, irresponsible *Nora*, I am sure she herself, and not her circumstances, would be blamed. "A Doll's House" is really a protest against the existing state of affairs in Ibsen's own country, and therefore cannot impress an English or American audience as it would a Scandinavian. I know this seems like a flat contradiction to the opinions held by English enthusiasts who are looked upon as authorities on the woman question. Miss Schreiner's declaration that Ibsen and George Meredith are the two writers who best understand women, has lately been going the rounds of the press. But I think the great trouble hitherto has been that the leading advocates of woman's so-called emancipation have failed to grasp the fact that, given to the average woman all the advantages of the average man, she will still remain an average woman, as he has continued for many generations an average man. The moral, therefore, to which the drama is sacrificed—however valuable in Scandinavia—here seems scarcely worthy of the sacrifice. Moreover, it would be difficult to justify a woman who ranked duty to herself higher than duty to her children. *Nora* without hesitation leaves her children to the very fate from which she is rebelling. From the moral standpoint, I think "Ghosts" or "An Enemy to Society" would appeal more strongly to an English or American audience.

I have said little about the acting, because there is really little to be said. It is not, as with the company of the Théâtre Libre, the result of modern theories—the striving after modern ideals. Actresses and actors are merely those who happened to have the time and inclination to devote to the experiment. Miss Achurch, who plays the part of *Nora*, has been highly praised, as she deserves to be, for undertaking so serious a task. She is not, however, an actress of great ability or promise, though with careful study she may yet do better things. The actors call for no special criticism.

A RUSSIAN SATIRIST.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 17-31, 1889.

THE attention of the public here has recently been directed afresh to the most interesting question of the day in the field of literature. Who is to succeed to the throne of letters? Since the death of Turgeneff and Ostrovsky, very little has been written by the three survivors of the group who have rendered contemporary Russian literature famous. The seven pillars upon which Russian literature has rested for the last thirty years are Tolstoi, Turgeneff, Dostoyevsky, Nekrasoff, Gontcharoff, Ostrovsky, and Saltykoff. The state of affairs at the present time is as follows: There are numerous dramatic writers, but no one to take Ostrovsky's place. There is a swarm of poets, varying in calibre, but, with the exception of Maïkoff (who has celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his literary activity, and who, therefore, belongs rather with a past generation), there is no poet whose preëminence is acknowledged as was Nekrasoff's. Gontcharoff, who has produced one capital work, although he can hardly be reckoned as strictly first-class—A2 would perhaps express it—is still alive. But he is nearly eighty years of age, almost completely bedridden, and has contributed nothing of importance for so long that he may be set aside in a consideration of the live forces in literature, although his short sketches of servant types, published last year, showed no falling off in his powers. Tolstoi, also, is practically out of the field, for the present at least. Among the various reasons for his silence, abstinence from tobacco and his conviction that too much is written and printed may, I believe, be reckoned as the chief. He thinks that smoking formerly stimulated his brain and prompted him to write, and he believes that if he shall write anything in the future without such stimulus, it will come from a healthier inspiration. This disposes of the school of romance. There are plenty of aspiring authors, it is true, but of most it may be said: Had there been no Turgeneff, no Tolstoi, these writers would never have been able to see their way to the light of print. In fact, Russian literature, like the literature of other countries, just now is filled with echoes.

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The only member of this distinguished group who remained alive and active, wholly independent, original, and unechoed in his peculiar field, was Saltykoff. Echoes there undoubtedly were, in the early days of his fame, but they were too feeble to hold their own, and he remained alone in the field of satire. Now he is dead, and there is no one who is even hinted at as his successor. Mikhail Evgrafovitch Saltykoff was born on January 15, 1826, in the Government of Tver. On completing his education in the famous Tzárskoe Seló Lyceum, in 1844, with the tenth-class rank (*i. e.*, Collegiate Councillor), he entered the Chancellery of the Minister of War. He had written poetry and articles for the journals during his school-days, but he soon perceived that poetry was not his work, and devoted himself to prose. His second novel, 'A Complicated Affair,' first attracted special attention to him, by its satirical traits, and resulted in his being sent into a sort of exile on service in the Government of Viatka, at the orders of the Governor. This exile, however, allowed him to advance in the service, and gave him an opportunity to make some studies which appeared afterwards in his 'Governmental Sketches.' The first of these 'Sketches,' which touched every rank, from members of the administration to peasants and religious beggars, appeared in 1856 signed "Shtchedrin." This *nom de guerre* he retained until his death. Saltykoff returned from his polite exile in 1855, and did not quit the service until 1868, having in the meantime been Vice-Governor in Riazan and Tver, administered other offices in several places, and risen to the rank of Actual Councillor of State. In 1868, when Nekrasoff became the editor of the *Contemporary*, Saltykoff took charge of the department of belles-lettres, and, after Nekrasoff's death, he became the editor of the journal *Annals of the Fatherland*, to which Nekrasoff had passed when the *Contemporary* was probibited. Of late years he has written in various journals.

As a satirist, Saltykoff-Shtchedrin is the direct successor of Gogol, but he lacks the latter's poetic and romantic touch. What little he possessed of those elements was early exhausted, and his style is dry and biting. One laughs at his sharp thrusts, but the laugh is bitter, not genial, like that evoked by Gogol. The 'Governmental Sketches' have lost, through change of general circumstances, that special attraction which caused them to be eagerly awaited when they were in course of publication in a periodical journal. What then seemed unprecedented audacity, in his dealing with officials and the oppressive relations of the bureaucracy to the people, now passes as a matter of course. For the same reasons, imitations which dared not carry their attacks higher than a chief of police, and which halted dumb in the presence of governors, have utterly vanished from the scene. At the time, however, the general mental and social quickening, the feverish hopes and aspirations in literature, as well as in other directions, were particularly favorable to Saltykoff and the combative character of his writings, even setting aside their artistic and humorous qualities. That he is not always artistic even at his best is proved by what is usually regarded as the most important and characteristic of his novels, the 'Golovlyóffs.' Were it not for the too frequent and too minute diversions from the main thread of the story, this volume might be cited as one of the best, if not the very best, full-length portrait extant of a hypocrite. This excess of detail dulls the outlines of the portrait, but, at the same time, it proves the delicacy of the author's observation. In order to appreciate the book fully, one must be a Russian or well acquainted with the Russian Church and Russian views of that and of other things. It is precisely this quality which renders Saltykoff's writings highly specialized and difficult of access to foreigners, even in the original.

The Golovlyóff family may be briefly described as gentry gone to seed. The father is weak and vicious, but is rendered harmless by his wife's strength of character. She not only retrieves the losses caused by sloth, mismanagement, and so forth, but renders the position of the family financially brilliant from a rural point of view. Between the hardness of the mother and the weakness of the father, the children fare badly, as might be expected hereditarily. The daughter makes a runaway marriage, and, dying, leaves her daughters to the stern mercies of their grandmother, who takes so little heed of the lesson already bestowed upon her as to training that the young girls end, as provincial actresses, with drink and a suicide's grave. Two of the sons also yield, in their prime, to the inherited vice of drunkenness, and the picture is darkened by the mother's harsh treatment of the eldest, and by the treatment received by the mother, after her husband's death, at the hands of the two remaining sons. The second of these also dies a drunkard's death, leaving his mother unprovided for and at the mercy of her last son. The character of the latter is sufficiently defined by the name which his brothers had conferred upon him in childhood—Judas Iscariot. So far the book is not cheerful, and the remainder, which has Judas as its hero, is even more depressing. Indeed, it is urged as an objection to Saltykoff by many that he sees only the dark side of life.

"Judas" is a very religious man, strict in the observance of all fasts and festivals—which does not in the least interfere with the indulgence of any vice or passion that suits his taste. Nothing daunts the man, nothing disturbs his power of casuistry even for a moment. As a masterpiece in this line, which I do not remember ever to have seen excelled, I may cite his bland argument on the occasion when he had forgotten to order a requiem service on the anniversary of his son's death. His son, who inherited the family traits, had got into a money scrape, from which his avaricious and heartless father had refused to extricate him. The result was disgrace and suicide. The pious father, who had refused a single kopeck to rescue his son from despair, had expended rubles freely on the customary church services, in return for which he expected his dead son to intercede for him in heaven. On this occasion, when he recalls, in the evening, too late for service, that he has omitted due observance of the anniversary, with more than Chadbandian sweetness and unctuousness he lays the blame upon his dead son. The son has, forsooth, neglected his duty in praying for his father in the other world; hence, the Almighty has allowed the latter to forget the anniversary, and the son is wholly and solely at fault in the matter! If he is uncomfortable in consequence, let him bear it! Judas's dealings with his mother, with his remaining son, whom also he drives to disgrace and death, with his housekeeper, his niece, and his servants, furnish vivid pictures of moral perversion, ever increasing in blackness, until his own miserable death, in a fit of partial aberration of mind, extinguishes the direct line of the Golovlyóffs, and allows the property which has been accumulated with so much cruelty to pass to another branch.

Such, in general outline, is a book which does not make upon the mind, as a whole, the powerful impression which should result from the combination of so many strong parts. On the other hand, some of Saltykoff's short sketches are incisive and telling in the extreme. For instance, to select at random, the brief satire entitled 'How One Peasant Supported Two Generals,' is irresistible, and might be used effectively as a Tolstoyan tract. This fantastic tale begins with the statement that these Generals had been in the service all their lives, and "consequently" they knew "nothing whatever." They did not even know that food, in its natural state, grew, flew, walked, or swam; and when they beheld it in its natural state only, they nearly starved because they knew not how to handle it. A peasant took charge of them, fed, clothed, and worked for them, and when they could dispense with his services, they presented him with the munificent sum of five kopecks. This satire on red-tape officialism strikes home.

For the last year Saltykoff-Shtchedrin has been in such ill health that he seemed, in ordinary life, to have lost his faculties. But writing was his real life; when he took up his pen, his intellect was as clear as ever, and his last work, completed shortly before his death, shows no signs of failing power, although, like his other productions, it has weak parts. He finally developed an allegorical style, in which the really significant reading was between the lines. This "Æsopian" style, as the author himself happily called it, greatly delighted the Liberals, but not the Radicals; and it is precisely this, together with the necessity of being prepared by a knowledge of the Russian at home, which renders Saltykoff-Shtchedrin an eminently national writer, never to be comprehended abroad and upheld as the peer of the few universal satirists, in spite of the precedent furnished by Dante's political hints.

The funeral of a Russian writer offers an occasion for speeches hence for "demonstrations." I wished to take advantage of Saltykoff's, partly for the sake of observing some points in it in contrast (on account of its nearly coinciding) with that of Count D. M. Tolstoi. Count Tolstoi had a brilliant, official civic funeral, and small official deputations from various gymnasia and so on marched in the procession. But "students," *i. e.*, university students, there were none, nor did I see any among the crowd collected to gaze. The tradition still lingers of Easter, 1880, when Count Dmitry Tolstoi ceased to be Minister of Public Instruction, and when the Easter greeting ran, instead of "Christos voskrés!" "Christos voskrés, Tolstoi iskrésl" (Christ is arisen, Tolstoi has vanished!). The spectators who joined the group of relatives, friends, and officials behind the splendid hearse, hung with thirty or more wreaths, were not of the "reading class," who would take sides either for or against the ex-Minister of Public Instruction, and evidently fell into line to accompany the body a short distance out of respect for death in general.

I went out to observe this point and also to see how the Emperor was received by the crowd. People knew that he and the Empress would come to the funeral because they and the Crown Prince had already attended one of the services at the house, on the day after the death of the Minister of the Interior. Yet he had not been present at the services or funeral of General Pauker, a short time before; not because General Pauker lived in a small lodging on the fifth floor (whence he had never felt inclined to remove to his grand official mansion, during his brief reign as Minister of Public Ways), nor because the funeral was held in a Lutheran church. Rumor asserted that it was because of the then fresh arrests, of which I

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need not speak here. Russian newspapers did not mention the matter; but as the foreign papers came in with "the black mask," or "caviare" (the Russian names for cancellation of paragraphs), my readers are probably sufficiently informed already. I stationed myself where the imperial party must pass. The guards were the same as are always used to keep a path open for show processions, and they interfered not in the least when the crowd rushed forward with a hearty greeting round the imperial carriage. I mention this incident for the benefit of those who assert that the Emperor's movements are never known. They can often be very accurately timed and placed. That day Saltykoff died. For three days the house stood open to all comers; and thousands, friends and strangers, streamed through it to take leave of the dead man as he lay facing a lifelike portrait of himself in oil colors, which hung on the wall in the only beam of light which was admitted into the room. Twice a day, as is customary, prayers were read, in the presence of dense masses of people; but one was forced to flee before the heat, crush, and atmosphere. At the prayers ordered by the Literary Society, in the great Cathedral of the Kazan Virgin, the great audience was distinctly composed of what the Russian journals call "the motley middle—the reading—the intelligent class." There were even some soldiers, who may have strayed in by accident, although, after seeing quite a rough-looking soldier engaged in buying some of Pushkin's poems in the edition which costs about eight cents a volume, I think that I may be wronging them, and that these men were there as literary admirers. Literary St. Petersburg was well represented. Near me stood a tall, large but alert-looking old man who was surrounded and greeted by a constantly renewed company, until he would have appeared to the uninitiated the hero of the occasion. It was P. A. Pletneff, the editor of the journal in which the dead man's first literary efforts saw the light, nearly fifty years ago, when he was still a schoolboy in the Lyceum which beheld the dawn of Pushkin's genius. At the time when Dostoyevsky was in exile in Siberia, Pletneff was in the disciplinary battalion.

Saltykoff had asked that he might be buried in the Volkhoff Cemetery, close to Turgeneff. It was announced that the body would be taken from the house at ten A. M. I was told that the family were requested to have it done at nine o'clock for fear of disorder. Perhaps this was true, as the procession set out at 9:48. More than two hundred students from the various educational institutions organized themselves into a guard to march in front of the hearse, and sang: "Holy Lord, Holy Almighty, Holy Immortal One, have mercy upon us!" all the way to the cemetery, a distance of several versts. It is courtesy to accompany the hearse on foot for a longer or shorter distance; but the day was rainy, the mud deep, and some who had walked the longer distance to Nekrasoff's grave in midwinter twelve years ago, dropped out of the line. Of wreaths in metal, artificial and natural flowers, there were more than a hundred on the hearse.

The Volkhoff is the third of the St. Petersburg cemeteries in point of fashion and popularity, I believe. It lies on the extreme southern verge of the city, and is much crowded. Many of the monuments take the form of small stone or iron chapels, or the lots are roofed in and protected by wire netting or glass. Bielinsky, the critic, Kostomaroff, the historian, Garshin, the promising young writer who died last year, all lie here. Turgeneff rests close to the wall of the large church. I could not help thinking that Shtchedrin would have enjoyed describing his own funeral. The crowd was sufficiently great, but not to be compared, I am told, to the countless throngs which came to Turgeneff's funeral. Many arrived before the body and took up positions of vantage, and most extraordinary some of them were. I saw one student nearly crack his skull on Turgeneff's tomb, while it took four men to extract his leg from the tall iron pickets of the enclosing fence. Many, some of them women, climbed the trees and perched there for four hours or more.

A Russian crowd is usually quiet. This one was very cheerful and rather noisy. The rain descended at intervals, and the odor of damp soil mingled with the fragrance of the birches and of the roses, lilies, and hyacinths which people had torn from the wreaths on the coffin. One man had taken advantage of the opportunity to have prayers in his family lot near by. The chanter looked up at the mourner as he gave the censer its last swing, and made a laughing remark; then gave a shiver, thrust his hands into his overcoat pockets—he had not even donned his vestment—and went off with the censer dangling at his heels, and his Derby hat on one side, to explore the crowd. The handsome old priest clasped a Gampish cotton umbrella to his brocade bosom, made a smiling comment, and retreated to the vestibule of the church, where he continued to smile and bustle as he attended to the various demands upon him, and set a good example of cheerfulness under depressing surroundings. Mass and the funeral service were going on in the church, where the coffin, almost invisible beneath the mass of wreaths, lay under a canopy of gold brocade and white plumes. The crowd shifted constantly. Those who had good places near the grave outside clung to them tenaciously. The rest flowed in or out of the church at the dictate of the rain. As I listened to the sympathetic chanting of the choir, the mass ended, trays of candles for friends to hold during the death service were brought out, and a quiet scramble for them ensued, as there were comparatively few. One was handed to me by a pale neighbor, who did not look as though he had a spark of humor or satire in his composition wherewith to grieve. Many people seemed to have private preoccupations, and to be present in that purely formal spirit which the dead author was fond of holding up to ridicule. He would probably have described me as laboring under suppressed anxiety to avoid the gutterings of other people's candles and my own, and to observe the ways of my neighbors. There was a general sense of unrest among the audience, the only persons utterly unconcerned being apparently a number of poor children who had certainly never read Saltykoff, if indeed they even knew their letters.

Our candles were taken away, the service ended; the students joined hands in a cordon round the coffin, the wreaths were removed, the coffin-lid unscrewed, and the relatives and friends began the final farewells. At this point I beat a retreat. At the gate of the cemetery I was surrounded by an eager throng of cabmen, who hailed my appearance as a sign that their weary wait was at an end. Perceiving that it betokened nothing of the sort, they cried, "Bárinya, *isn't* that funeral over yet?" When I told them what stage it had reached, they groaned gently, in their good-natured way, laid in a fresh supply of sunflower-seeds from a neighboring peddler, and chewed away patiently in the rain, as they leaned up against the shops for the sale of gaudy wreaths and the loan of hot water and crockery for thrifty visitors from a distance. The funeral ended after three o'clock, making over six hours in all that it had lasted. Not all funerals here are as fatiguing as this one. But certainly a Russian funeral in general, with the services twice a day in the house of the deceased, the crowd, the close atmosphere, the walk of respect behind the hearse, for a longer or shorter distance, often in inclement weather, and the long services at the church and grave, must suggest a wonder that one or two deaths more do not follow immediately in the same family. And the funeral of a literary man is even more of a strain to relatives and friends.

ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

Correspondence.

CHAUCER SOURCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The statement made in the review of Professor Skeat's edition of Chaucer's Minor Poems, that translation from an author might be used in the sense of translating him, leads me to the consideration of a question which may be of interest to Chaucer scholars.

The prologue to the "Legend of Good Women" contains, as is well known, a partial list by Chaucer himself of his own works. An earlier version of this prologue was printed by the late Mr. Bradshaw in 1864, which differed in many particulars from the standard one. It was remarkable among other things for mentioning the title of a hitherto unknown work, of which the poet claimed the authorship. After saying that he had translated Boethius in prose, he adds:

"And of the Wrechede Engendrynge of Mankynde,
As man may in pope Innocent I-finde."

This is assumed to be a lost prose translation of the treatise of Pope Innocent III., entitled 'De Contemptu Mundi, sive de Miseria Conditionis Humanæ.' My purpose is to show that the probabilities are that this translation, so far as it ever existed at all, exists now.

In Chaucer's great work, the "Man of Law's Tale" (a tale, it may be added, utterly unsuited to the character to which it is assigned) is introduced by a proem on the evils of poverty. It is attached to the poem of which it forms a part by the slightest of ties, and has indeed no real connection with it. Now, four of the five seven-line stanzas of which this proem consists are really a translation of part of the sixteenth chapter of the first book of Pope Innocent's treatise, which has for its heading the title "De Miseria Divitis et Pauperis." As this treatise is not usually accessible outside of large libraries, I subjoin the Latin text, which will enable all students of the poet to see clearly how closely he followed the original:

"Pauperes enim premuntur inedia, cruciantur ærumna, fame, siti, frigore, nuditate: vilescunt, tabescunt, spernuntur, et confunduntur. O miserabilis mendicantis conditio; et si petit, pudore confunditur, et si non petit, egestate consumitur, sed ut mendicet, necessitate compellitur. Deum causatur iniquum, quod non recte dividat; proximum criminatur malignum quod non plene subveniat. Indignatur, murmurat, imprecatur. Adverte super hoc sententiam Sapientis: Melius est, iniquit, mori quam indigere (Eccli. xl). Etiam proximo suo pauper odiosus erit (Prov. xiv). Omnes dies pauperis mali, fratres hominis pauperis oderunt eum. Insuper et amici procul recesserunt ab eo (Prov. xix)."

"The Man of Law's Tale" is itself a translation from the French; but to the immediate original Chaucer added about 350 lines. Some of these were taken from this same treatise of Pope Innocent. The stanza beginning with line 323 (edit. Morris) is translated directly

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from the twenty-third chapter of the first book, as the following extract shows:

"Semper enim mundanæ lætitiæ tristitia repentina succedit. Et quod incipit a gaudio, desinit in moerore. Mundana quippe felicitas multis amaritudinibus est respersa. Noverat hoc qui dixerat: 'Risus dolore miscebitur, et extrema gaudii luctus occupat.' . . . Attende salubre consilium: 'In die bonorum, non immemor sis malorum.'"

Again, the stanza beginning with line 673 is translated from the following passage in chapter xix of book ii entitled "De Ebrietate":

"Quid turpius ebrioso? cui fetor in ore, tremor in corpore, qui promittit multa, prodit occulta, cui mens alienatur, facies transformatur? 'Nullum enim secretum ubi regnat ebrietas.'"

The stanza beginning with line 828 is taken from chap. xxi of the same book, entitled "De Luxuria," though portions of it are adopted from phrases in other chapters. The following sentence, however, is directly translated:

"O extrema libidinis turpitudo, quæ non solum mentem effeminat, sed etiam corpus enervat, non solum maculat animam, sed fœdat personam."

Finally, the first part of the stanza beginning with line 1,037 is a translation of the following sentences in chap. xxii of book i, entitled "De Brevi Lætitia Hominis":

"*Quis unquam vel unicum diem totum duxit* in sua delectatione jucundum, quem in aliqua parte diei reatus conscientiæ, vel impetus iræ, vel motus concupiscentiæ non turbaverit? Quem livor invidiæ vel ardor avaritiæ, vel tumor superbiæ non vexaverit? Quem aliqua jactura, vel offensa, vel passio non commoverit?"

But this is not all the obligation which Chaucer is under to this treatise. Much of the discourse upon gluttony and the appetite delivered by the Pardoner in his tale is taken from the second book of this same work, especially from the seventeenth chapter "De Gula." Even the somewhat singular phrase "turnen substaunce into accident" is nothing but a translation of the Pope's phrase, *substantiam convertit in accidens.*

It seems to me that the weight of evidence is in favor of these scattered versions being the translation of which the poet spoke. It is, of course, possible that he may have made a prose translation of the whole as he made a verse translation of a part. This he actually did in the case of Boethius. But the fact that in his revised version of the prologue to the "Legend of Good Women" he withdrew all reference to any translation at all, seems to militate against the view that he had ever produced a complete version of the work.

I may be permitted to add that unsuspected sources of Chaucer's text can doubtless be found by examining carefully the authors to whom he makes most frequent reference. In the 'Parlement of Foules,' for instance, occurs the following verse upon the subject of dreams:

"The wery hunter, sleping in his bed,
To wode ayein his mynde goth anoon;
The juge dremeth how his plees ben sped;
The carter dremeth how his cartes goon;
The riche of gold; the knight fight with his foon;
The sike met he drinketh of the tonne;
The lover met he hath his lady wonne."

This is taken very largely from the preface of Claudian to his Panegyric upon the sixth consulship of Honorius, as will be seen by comparing it with the following extract:

"Venator defessa toro cum membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad sylvas et sua lustra redit.
Judicibus lites, aurigæ somnia currus,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
Furto gaudet amans, permutat navita merces,
Et vigil elapsas quærit avarus opes.
Blandaque largitur frustra sitientibus ægris
Irriguus gelido pocula fonte sopor."

T. R. Lounsbury.

New Haven, June 29, 1889.

THE SOUTH FORK FISHING CLUB.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a communication relating to the South Fork Fishing Club, published in the *Nation* of June 20, "E. C. V." says: "If they [*i. e.*, the members of the Club] are at all responsible for this horrible destruction and woe, it can only be because they are not educated civil engineers, and have consequently been obliged to accept the statements of those who are as to the safety of the dam." In justice to the engineering profession, will you kindly state that neither in the reconstruction nor in the maintenance of the dam was there *any* engineering supervision whatever? The above statement is made on the authority of the *Engineering News* of June 15, 1889. C. E.

Cincinnati, June 26, 1889.

Notes.

Funk & Wagnalls have in preparation a new 'Encyclopædia of Missions,' with maps, diagrams, and a copious index.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce that Mrs. S. J. Higginson is writing a book on Java for their "Riverside Library for Young People." They will begin their biographical series of "American Religious Leaders" with Prof. A. V. G. Allen's 'Jonathan Edwards,' which is to be published in the fall. During the present month the same firm will bring out a new edition of that deserving work, 'Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay,' by William Root Bliss, which the public rapidly took up. New matter and new illustrations are promised.

On July 20 D. C. Heath & Co. will issue 'An Introduction to the Study of Shakspere,' by Prof. Hiram Corson.

Ginn & Co. have nearly ready 'Fractions: A Teacher's Manual of Objective and Oral Work,' by Helen F. Page of the Connecticut State Normal School.

Dr. William Edward Simonds of Cornell University publishes a monograph upon 'Sir Thomas Wyatt and his Poems' (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.), in which he endeavors to set the poems in a true order, and to extract from them confirmation for the theory that Queen Anne Boleyn was the object of Wyatt's love. He gathers first all the meagre notices of the poet's career and makes a biography, then examines the state of the text, and finally passes to the uncertain ground of interpretation. The work is done in the spirit of German scholarship, and if it should lead to a proper editing of the text of the poems, which is in a very unsatisfactory condition, it would have its best result. That a poet historically so important as Wyatt should have been so long neglected, is discreditable.

The late Mr. William D. O'Connor wrote before his death a paper upon 'Mr. Donnelly's Reviewers,' which is now issued as a pamphlet (Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co.). It takes up the critical notices of leading journals and replies to them—in some cases, notably that of Mr. Appleton Morgan—with some success, but with more pungency. The author makes his subject an occasion for falling upon the reviewer's business without mercy, and calls upon the publishers to abolish it altogether.

Rabbi David Philipson, D.D., has collected in a small volume his lectures upon 'The Jew in English Fiction' (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.), in which he reviews the Jewish characters of Marlowe, Shakspere, Cumberland, Scott, Dickens, Disraeli, and George Eliot, and attempts to show wherein these writers are correct or fanciful in their delineations. The burden of the volume, however, seems to be that the Jew is characterized as such by his religion, and not by evil passions which he shares with men in common. He asserts that the Jew has now become nationalized in the liberal lands where he is born, and should not be regarded as more distinct from the community than Protestants or Catholics. Of the noticeable virtues of the Jews he has much to say; their vices, on the other hand, are not different from those of the Gentiles. The position is well defended, and the argument makes strongly for toleration.

'That Unknown Country: or, What Living Men Believe concerning Punishment after Death; together with recorded views of men of former times. The whole field explored, every source of wisdom, past and present, made tributary to this theme—Man's Final Destiny. A standard book for all time. Illustrated with a full-page engraving of each author. Sold only by subscription. C. A. Nichols & Co., Springfield, Mass.' We quote the above title at full length because itself serves some of the purposes of a notice, though the book is not so entirely bad as the title is. The volume, which is naturally enough a bulky one, is the result of the expression by fifty or more eminent scholars and divines of their imperfect knowledge of everlasting punishment. One is tempted to apply to it Mr. Lincoln's immortal criticism—that people who like that kind of a book will doubtless like this one very much. How far they are identical with the "general reader," we will not attempt to say.

Of Sir George Grove's 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians (1450-1889)' (Macmillan) we have spoken repeatedly in the course of its protracted publication, and we need not renew our commendation of it as the best in our own or in any language—an invaluable accession to our works of reference. It is but just now completed by the issue of volume iv, which contains an Appendix of some 300 pages, embodying a great number of new articles, corrections, and additions. New, for example, are the biographies of Gottschalk, Adelaide Phillipps, Stephen C. Foster (author of "Old Folks at Home" and so many other American popular songs), Campanini, and Dvořák; and these general articles: Part-writing; Carol; Dance Rhythm; Coronach; Episodes; Humorous Music—a very interesting view of a narrow field dominated by Beethoven; Negro Music, with special indebtedness on the writer's part to the pioneer collection, the 'Slave Songs of the United States'; Histories of Music, in four pages of fine print; Collections of Musical Instruments, in which New York does not figure, though it has a good beginning; English Metrical Psalter, treated in 13 pages; Gregorian Tones, etc. The "Harmonious Blacksmith" is recalled for a discussion as to its authorship, which Handel's free borrowing makes à priori not improbably another's. Important additions and revisions are given to the article on Musical Libraries. Boston Musical Societies and the Boston Mendelssohn Quintette Club are noticed for the first time. Under Beethoven we now get a catalogue of his printed works; under Mozart, a consideration of works falsely attributed to him; under Chopin, a list of his piano-forte solos; under Liszt, a deal of fresh and agreeable information, not omitting reference to that monument to his generous character, the 'Correspondence with Wagner.' A few columns of "Final Additions" are chiefly occupied with obituaries, as late as April 6 of the present year. Dr. Grove tells us in the preface that we have yet to expect a copious index of the whole four volumes, which has

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been prepared by Mrs. Wodehouse, and will make a separate volume.

T. Y. Crowell & Co., pursuing their plan of popularizing Tolstoi, have just put forth, in paper covers, 'My Confession' and 'Ivan Ilyitch; Family Happiness,' etc.

The supplement to Cassell's *Magazine of Art* called 'Royal Academy Pictures' presents, in the main, excellent process memoranda of between eighty and ninety paintings and sculptural pieces of the late exhibition, the 121st. No artist is allowed more than one example. As there is no text by way of criticism, though the editor ventures to designate Mr. Orchardson's "Young Duke" as "the finest work in the whole collection," our readers may like to compare these plates with our recent London letter on the Royal Academy. It will then appear how restricted is the rôle of "process"—form being all it can be depended on to preserve. Its breakdown on the color side is well exhibited in the case of Mr. Wauters's "Seamew's Nest."

The July number of the *Andover Review* will contain an article by Mr. A. Taylor Innes of Edinburgh, giving an account of the progressive movement in the Scotch Free Church which has just culminated in the election of Dr. Marcus Dods to the New Testament chair in Edinburgh College, and the appointment of a committee to report on a revision of the standards.

The adaptation of Central Asia to Russian colonization was the subject of a recent address before the Russian Geographical Society, published in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for June, by Gen. Annenkoff, the builder of the Transcaspian Railway. It is of importance as indicating the policy of the Government in respect to its new territory. After dwelling upon the physical characteristics of the country, with special reference to the changes of its river beds, the writer states that investigations have shown that a very considerable part of the soil in the old basin of the Oxus is composed of the loess which covers nearly the whole of northern China and has proved of such extraordinary fertility. Borings have been made to the depth of sixty feet without reaching the bottom of the loess, which is identical in its chemical elements with that in China, and only needs irrigation to be as fertile. The desert sand in places is diminishing, especially along the line of the railway, where vegetation is increasing. This is partly owing to the setting out of plants, and partly to the order prohibiting the cutting of any plant within three miles of the railway on either side. Gen. Annenkoff proposed in conclusion that the following measures should be carried out: the publication of all necessary information in regard to this region for the use of intending colonists; the study of the best systems of artificial irrigation and their application to Central Asia; and the establishment of agricultural schools in which instruction should be given in the cultivation of cotton, silk, the vine, hops, and wheat. Among the other articles in this number is one on erosion by the tides, with a map of a part of the Bay of Fundy, and one on Oklahoma, with an excellent map of the Indian Territory.

Dr. F. Nansen, the hardy explorer who made last fall the first successful attempt to cross Greenland, arrived in Copenhagen about a month ago, and has published a brief account of his expedition. This has been translated into French, and appears in a supplement to the *Temps* of June 8. It is a most modest recital of only the chief events that marked a difficult and dangerous journey. The party set out from Christiania on a sealer which left them on the ice off the east coast of Greenland on July 17, 1888. It was twelve days before they could make a landing, and in that time they had drifted south about 280 miles. It was not till the 10th of August that they made their way back again to Umivik, the point from which they intended to start. Here they packed their provisions and instruments into five sledges, to be dragged by hand, and set out inland. The country rose slowly till at about the 1st of September they reached an elevation of 9,000 feet. They were now on "an extensive plateau, like a frozen sea." Much hardship was encountered in traversing this, the temperature being as low as 50° centigrade at times, and the weather severely stormy. On the 19th of September they reached the edge of the western slope, and started on a rapid descent, which was full of danger from the numerous hidden crevasses. On September 26 their goal was reached: the inland ice had been crossed. They had traversed 300 miles in about forty days. By the 12th of October all the members of the party had arrived at Godthaab, and the expedition was finished.

Richard Kiepert has charted for the *Journal* of the Berlin Geographical Society the routes of the late African traveller, E. R. Flegel, and three sheets are given in No. 140–141. Flegel was, as Kiepert tells us, an untrained observer, and, feeling his deficiencies, attempted to make up in abundance what he lacked in accuracy of details. His diaries have been used in making the maps here given of the Benué, the eastern tributary of the Niger.

La France Littéraire, the *filia pulchrior* of the lovely and reputable *Décadent*, is dead—dead ere its prime. It may also be said that it has not left its peer, and that the literary atmosphere of France is all the clearer on this account.

—The July *Century* utilizes as a frontispiece a beautifully engraved cut of Mr. Cole's from Gentile da Fabriano. It is a "detail" from his picture of the Adoration of the Kings in the Florence Academy, but, as the portion selected is the heart of the painting, it is more completely illustrative than the description suggests. Mr. Stillman's accompanying text is admirable, though Mr. Cole's own note shows better the enthusiasm of the artist in the work before him, independently of all historical and critical questions. Public attention cannot be too repeatedly drawn to these remarkable reproductions of early Italian art, in which everything but color is so sympathetically rendered. The cuts which accompany in this number Mrs. Van Rensselaer's article upon Winchester Cathedral are also noticeably beautiful. Mr. Kennan exhibits a good deal of pleasure at his success in outwitting the military official stationed at the Kara mines, and draws his portrait with unsparing power; he sets the man's weaknesses before the reader almost with malicious reality, but deservedly, and with a lifelikeness that might be the despair of the realistic novelist. What he learned from the political prisoners, however, he does not tell, but only describes the night meeting which he attended in one of their cabins; the effect of their revelations upon his own acute sympathies is made plain almost unconsciously. The decoration of the steamer *Puritan*, the general subject of presentiments and visions, the early Irish, the Indians as they appear on their reservations, and the renomination of Lincoln, are the remaining topics.

—It is with regret that we note the last of Miss Preston's papers upon Cicero in the *Atlantic*. In this number we have the story of the last days and the death, told with the same grace and penetration of character on its refined side which have made the series at once attractive and valuable. Such essays are best fitted to give the non-classical reader a taste of the spirit of what was noblest in old Rome, and of the interest which makes Latin literature charming to the lover of cultivation; nor do we call to mind any interpreter among ourselves whose work has been so successful as Miss Preston's. Agnes Repplier contributes a pleasantly humorous piece upon the "Books that have Hindered Me," in which satirical spirits will find something to their mind. The author's gain in lightness of touch since her first appearance is particularly evident in this paper. Miss Jewett, whose hand we look for with most certainty in this magazine, especially when her story is of the best, contributes a brief character and wayside sketch, in which she puts into a little space an astonishing amount, outdoing herself in conciseness and completeness of expression. Her work artistically is work to be modelled after. Mr. Nelson raises the common question of the abuse and danger lying in the Speaker's power in Congress, with a side glance at the filibuster. Mr. Downes continues his previous artistic papers with one upon the old masters in the Metropolitan Museum, and Prof. Shaler writes with cheerfulness about college discipline, in the new scheme of which at Harvard he has a ready faith.

—*Scribner's* is devoted, with the exception of an article on the telegraph, to fiction. There are six short stories, and a comedietta in one act which may be regarded as a seventh. As a whole they are not likely to fill the discerning critic with superfluous pride in the resources and power of the American school. It is likely that in preparing a special fiction number the magazine would make some effort to obtain unusually excellent stories; but these are distinctly the work of mediocrity. There is, too, in several of them, a lack of finish and of compacting in the narrative which is not so easily excused in our days. We expect the manner to be correct, however dubious we may think the prospect of matter in what is said. The subjects are sufficiently varied, and range from a Kentucky horse-race to the glaciers of the Alps, from the quiet of the Redwood Library at Newport to the violence of a cyclone which tears a train apart and steals a carload of silver bricks. These excursions of the imagination are interleaved with bits of poetry, five in number, of the same commonplace character, which may also be reckoned as fiction. The reader, somewhat cloyed by the unchanging diet, turns to Mr. Stevenson's romance with relief, and finds at least something to interest him. With that he may best rest content, and not permit himself to experience what the Howellsian comedy can become in the hands of the last contributor.

—A too tardy tribute has just been paid to Douglass Houghton in a memoir of 300 pages by one of his associates, Alvah Bradish. Houghton was a martyr of science, being drowned forty-four years ago in Lake Superior, the shores of which he was well-nigh first to explore. As early as 1832 he was with Schoolcraft at the source of the Mississippi. As the first State geologist of Michigan, which is now foremost in the production of copper, salt, and iron, he discovered her wealth in these staples. His revelations were at first discredited by Silliman and other wise men of the East, but were confirmed wherever miners followed his lead. His career early illustrated the value of the Rensselaer Institute, which, when he studied there, was the only scientific school in the

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country. The arduousness of early surveys comes over us with cumulative force as we trace the manifold and year-long perils and privations of Houghton. His death was only after scores of hair-breadth 'scapes. He was lost in October, 1845, and his remains were not found till the lake opened in the spring. They were buried in Detroit. He has a cenotaph on the University grounds at Ann Arbor, where he was a professor. His chief geographical monument is his name given to the county on the shore of which he perished, as well as to its capital, which is one of the two largest copper-mining towns. But whoever would understand the merit of the man must read not only his memoir, but the reports of his surveys, which fill more than half the volume. His years were thirty-six, but, as was said of Enoch, the most short-lived antediluvian, "being made perfect in a short time he fulfilled a long time."

—MM. Hachette & Cie., publishers of the great 'Atlas Universel' of MM. Vivien de St.-Martin and F. Schrader, the preparation of which is now finished and its publication going on, have just begun the issue in monthly parts of a smaller 'Atlas de Géographie Moderne,' which will contain sixty-four maps, thirty by forty centimetres in size. This will be edited by M. Schrader, with the assistance of M. F. Prudent, of the Service Géographique of France, and M. E. Anthoine, Chief Engineer of the Service de la Carte, who will use in its preparation the collections that were made for the larger work. The first *livraison* is just out, and two of its maps—those of Switzerland and of the Russian Empire—have been given as supplements to the *Temps* and the *Figaro*. These seem to us excellent, especially the map of Switzerland. Tints and shadow are so cleverly used as to give a very clear and striking impression of the physical geography of the country, as well as its outline and the position of towns and rivers and mountains, which is all that one finds on an ordinary map. Another thing worthy of praise is, that the editors have not made their map a maze and labyrinth of proper names. Not too many place-names are given, and these seem to have been chosen with judgment and carefulness.

—At the annual meeting of the Société d'histoire diplomatique, which was held in Paris on the 29th of May, the Marquis de Gabriac read a very interesting account of a journey into France which his maternal grandmother, the Duchesse de Guiche, made in the year 1801. This account was written by the Duchess herself. She was living in London in 1801, and was one of the body of French nobles who formed a sort of little court for the Comte d'Artois. The princes sent her over to France charged with the delicate mission of trying to find out whether the First Consul was well enough disposed towards the monarchy to be willing to assist in its restoration. The Duchess tells the story of three interviews that she had on this subject, with Maingnaud, Fouché's commissary at Calais, with Fouché himself, and with Josephine, the wife of Bonaparte, at Malmaison. Fouché and Maingnaud humored the royalist sentiments of the noble lady, but told her plainly that the choice of England for a place of refuge by the royal princes had had a very bad effect in France; that the country was not pleased to see them consort with its worst enemies, and especially that it found the intimacy between the Comte d'Artois and the bloodthirsty Duke of Portland very offensive. The Duchess replied that the Duke of Portland was a stupid and sensual person, who cared a good deal more for wine than he did for blood. Whereupon Fouché: "On n'a pas besoin d'être spirituel pour être sanguinaire!" "Oh, nous le savons bien," the Duchess retorted, looking at him fixedly. Before this, Fouché had said: "The French have always been brave, but just now they have completely fallen in love with military glory. They absolutely require a soldier for their head. The restoration of the legitimate monarchy at this moment is impossible. *Moi et Bonaparte*, we should like it, but we could not do it." Josephine showed herself very royalist; she assured the Duchess that Bonaparte would repulse with horror the thought of being a usurper. But she complained, as Fouché had done, of his bad surroundings. The parvenu generals and officers would fear, in case of a restoration, that they would be sacrificed to the noblesse. She also pointed with pride to the efforts her pious husband had made to inspire his lieutenants with correct religious sentiments. She said that Lannes, in particular, professed a thorough conversion.

—One can well imagine the thrill of surprise and incredulity that must have run through the audience at the reunion of the Société de Biologie in Paris on June 12, when its President, the illustrious Dr. Brown-Séquard, mounted the tribune and began his address thus: "Gentlemen, I believe that henceforth the question of the rejuvenation of existence may be studied and resolved by the aid of the present data of science." But even a vivid imagination can hardly picture the mingled emotions with which his hearers must have listened as he went on slowly and gravely to unfold his story of the studies and experiments in the renewal of life and youth that have occupied him now for more than twenty years. Dr. Brown-Séquard believes that he has discovered the secret of perpetual youth—nay, more, that he himself is experiencing rejuvenation, and is become ten years younger than he was when he made the first trial of his method upon himself on May 15. We will not even try to sketch the outline of the discovery till we have received the full text of his address in the *Bulletin Médical*. The whole first issue of the number which contains it was sold almost instantly, and no copy was to be had at the time of the last mail. It shall be enough to say that Dr. Brown-Séquard's process consists in the subcutaneous injection of a fluid containing particles of the living organs of certain young animals, like guinea-pigs, etc. As yet, of course, nobody has a right to any opinion whatever on the announced discovery. Dr. Brown-Séquard's authority is of the greatest, but until the personal equation in his experiments and observations has been determined one cannot tell what weight they carry. It is possible that even a very great savant may have been self-deceived and been self-cured of age by "faith," or what Feuchtersleben calls "the dietetics of the soul." But the new theory will at once be tested by many men and in many ways, and the world will watch intently to see whether it shall prove true or not.

—A couple of months ago we noticed at some length the report of Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz upon hydrophobia in the Department of the Seine, and its successful treatment by the method of M. Pasteur. This report showed that under Pasteur's treatment the death-rate in hydrophobia had been lowered from the 14 to 16 per cent. reported some years ago by Drs. Brouardel and Leblanc to only 1.04 per cent. The statistics of the Institut Pasteur for the year ending May 1, 1889, have just been presented to the Académie des Sciences, and they show a considerable reduction even of the last low figure. During the year, 1,673 patients who had been bitten by animals believed to be mad received inoculation at the Institut; of these only thirteen died—three after treatment, and ten while the treatment was still going on. This brings the rate of mortality down to a little less than .78 per cent. If this success shall continue (and there seems to be no reason why it should not), the panegyric on Pasteur which M. de Vogüé delivered the other day in his address at the Academy reception will not be thought extravagant.

RECENT MUSICAL LITERATURE.

Chopin, and Other Musical Essays. By Henry T. Finck, author of 'Romantic Love and Personal Beauty.' Charles Scribner's Sons. 1889.

The History of German Song. An account of the progress of vocal composition in Germany from the time of the Minnesingers to the present age, with sketches of the lives of the leading German composers. By Louis C. Elson. Boston: New England Conservatory of Music.

Lessons in Musical History. By John Comfort Fillmore. Philadelphia: Theodore Presser.

Operatic Tales. By F. R. Chesney. Scribner & Welford. 1889.

THE rapid growth of our nation's musical literature is one of the most interesting as well as significant features of the progress of the art in America. The current number of the London *Musical Times* makes the frank acknowledgment that "American musical critics are beginning to be read in England," and extends a cordial welcome to Mr. Finck's essays and to Mr. Krehbiel's annual record of musical performances in New York. Other writers whose works have appeared during the past three or four years might well have shared the same welcome. It is equally if not still more gratifying to know that these works are meeting with extraordinary favor in the United States, all of which demonstrates a steady and healthy growth of American musical taste and scholarship.

Mr. Finck's volume of essays is marked by an originality of thought and boldness of treatment, particularly in the sketch of Chopin, which will be sure to challenge attention on all sides, and perhaps to invite criticism from some who do not go as far as he in their admiration of the great genius of the piano-forte. His work includes, besides the Chopin essay, a paper showing "How Composers Work," "Schumann, as Mirrored in his Letters," "Music and Morals" (which is refreshing reading after Haweis's rhapsodical and watery treatment of the same theme), "Italian and German Vocal Styles," and "German Opera in New York." The Chopin essay was not needed to revive an interest in that master, and it is evident this was not the object Mr. Finck had in view. The Polish composer still dominates the programmes of piano recitals, and the test question applied to every prominent player is, "How does he play Chopin?" Mr. Finck's purpose was rather to establish a title to the exalted place which he claims for the great tone-poet in the musical Pantheon, and he leaves the reader in no uncertainty on this point.

"No doubt Chopin is in some respects inferior to Bach and Beethoven, but in other respects he is quite as unquestionably superior to them." "Chopin was the piano-forte genius *par excellence*, and in his field he stands above the greatest of the German composers, what-

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ever their names." "Some years ago I wrote in the *Nation* that if all piano-forte music in the world were to be destroyed, excepting one collection, my vote should be cast for Chopin's preludes." "Chopin is the composer for the few, and he is the composer *par excellence* for musicians. From him they can get more ideas, and learn more as regards form, than from any one else, except Bach and Wagner."

This is high praise, but why is Beethoven omitted, from whom Wagner himself derived both ideas and form? Mr. Finck not only states his claim, but propounds his reasons with an audacious enthusiasm which will be sure to enlist the attention even of those who may consider them heterodox. The latter will not relish his onslaught upon what he styles "æsthetic Jumboism," or the proclivity to admire productions and results simply because they are mammoth. He dwells upon this point with great force and at considerable length, and it is sound, healthy doctrine. He also finds that the German tendency to depreciate Chopin grows out of Teutonic and Slavic antipathies, which is also a point well taken. In following the natural drift of his subject he also throws many side-lights upon Chopin and his works which are of extreme interest. He particularly calls attention to many of his compositions which are almost unknown to modern répertoires, and makes a scholarly criticism in declaring against the practice of arranging his piano-forte pieces for the orchestra. His remarks upon Chopin's use of the pedal and of the *tempo rubato* and his innovations in accent will command the approval of all thoughtful musicians.

Some, however, will not be so quick to accept his strictures upon the sonata form and Chopin's relations to it. We shall readily agree with him that Chopin did not write sonatas *con amore*, but can hardly concede that "the sonata form could not master him." Even if Haydn and Beethoven had not exhausted that form, Chopin's temperament was not in touch with it any more than it was with the orchestral or with any form requiring severe study of polyphony, much as he needed it for his complete expression. Chopin was more unacademical and unconventional even than Beethoven. We doubt if it was so much the form of the composition as the form of the composer himself that stood in the way. As to the general dictum which underlies this essay, however, namely, that Chopin is the greatest genius of piano-forte music, there can be little doubt of its strict correctness. Mr. Finck evidently shares the opinions of George Sand, who was in a position to speak with authority. Somewhere she says:

"The day will come when his music will be regarded as superior to anything in the piano partitur, and then everybody will know that this genius, as vast, as complete, and as learned as the greatest masters whom he resembled, preserved an individuality more exquisite than that of Sebastian Bach, more powerful than that of Beethoven, still more dramatic than Weber. He is all three united and he is still himself. The whole of Mozart alone is superior to him, because he has more of the calmness of health, consequently more of the fulness of life."

In this individuality of Chopin lies his power as well as his greatness. More than any other composer, he individualized the piano, recognized and developed the organ of speech which belongs to it, and made it speak its own language. Mr. Finck has fully recognized this, and he states his beliefs with an enthusiasm, boldness, and suggestiveness which, while they will offend no one, may at least have the result of setting those to thinking who cannot fully agree with him.

We have devoted the most space to the opening essay because its importance warrants it, and because it is destined to open up a profitable discussion upon the true place of Chopin in the musical world; but at the same time the reader will not do wisely to neglect the remaining essays, which, though briefer, are charmingly written, and extremely interesting in subject. The last two, on "Italian and German Vocal Styles" and "German Opera in New York," show that the writer is as ardent a lover of Wagner as of Chopin, notwithstanding the radical dissimilarity in personality and style, as well as in theories, of the two. He is a most zealous champion of German opera, but let him not exult too heartily. Italian opera, English opera, opéra bouffe, even "Pinafore," have had their day when they eclipsed all other forms, only in turn to be eclipsed themselves by some new comer. It is German opera now. What will come next?—for it is the fate of opera in this country to be governed by the laws of fad. Nevertheless, Mr. Finck has written a book which will command admiration in all quarters, though it may fail to command assent in some. It is an exceptionally valuable contribution to American musical literature.

In the 'History of German Song,' another exceedingly creditable contribution has been made to our musical literature by Mr. Louis C. Elson, the accomplished critic of the Boston *Advertiser*, whose industry, ability, and scholarship find numerous opportunities of employment in criticisms, essays, correspondence, magazine contributions, and active work in connection with the New England Conservatory of Music. Notwithstanding his many occupations, he has found time to write a well-considered and discriminating treatise on German song, dedicated to Robert Franz, and not without significance, for in one of his letters Franz writes: "There is no doubt that the basis of all musical forms is the vocal and not the instrumental style." The title of Mr. Elson's book is somewhat of a misnomer, though the sub-title satisfactorily explains it. It is in no sense a history of the German *Lied*, as one might fancy at the first glance. It has a much wider scope, and aims in a general way to cover the ground of vocal composition in Germany from the time of the Minnesingers, and their successors, the Mastersingers, to the present. He begins with Wolfram of Eschenbach, and closes with Wagner, and the journey leads to many pleasant discursions, such as the etiquette and habits of the Minnesingers, and the instruments employed by them; the contests of the Mastersingers, and their pedantries, which Wagner has burlesqued; the ancient dances of Germany; organ-playing, especially as it was developed by Sebastian Bach; the influence of Goethe and Heine upon music, and Wagner's operatic innovations and reforms.

The main subject of the book, however, is always kept in view, and the discursions do not mar its continuity. The history of the Minnesingers and their influence upon the art, considering the necessarily brief space devoted to it in the general scheme, is excellently treated, though it would have added to its completeness had the distinction between the *Minnelied* and the *Spruch*, or the love songs that were sung and the didactic poems that were spoken, been clearly indicated, since the latter are among the finest instances of the art of the representative Minnesinger, Walther von der Vogelweide. The chapter devoted to the Mastersingers is an admirable statement of the artificial and pedantic methods of the Tabulatur and of the practices of the musical guild, which, alas! produced but one really great name, Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg. The disappearance of the Mastersingers is followed by the folk-songs, the *Marienlieder*, and the chorales, and these bring our author down to the rise of secular and operatic music in Germany, leading up to Handel, Mattheson, Bach and his sons, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The chapters devoted to these composers are in the form of excellent condensed biographies, which are specially noticeable for their accuracy of statement and the absence of the romantic and rhapsodical speculations which are so often found in sketches of this kind.

In his statement of the origin of operatic composition in Germany, Mr. Elson says: "It was the Italian opera of 'Daphne,' by Rinuccini, which had the honor of first representing the new school in Germany." This is hardly exact. Rinuccini only wrote the poem of "Daphne." The original music to it was written by Jacopo Peri (1597). The version of this poem of "Daphne" which was produced in Germany was entirely German. The text was translated by Martin Opitz, and the music was set by Heinrich Schütz, chapelmaster to the Elector of Saxony, who also revised, if he did not entirely rewrite, the text. It was, as Mr. Elson says, the first opera performed in Germany, and it was also the first opera written by a German, though not the first genuine German opera, as it was clearly a reflection of the Italian.

The remainder of Mr. Elson's essay is devoted to the Lied composers, Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Rubinstein, Jensen, and Karl Loewe, the ballad composer, closing with an excellent sketch of Wagner and his works. Whether we consider the biographical or critical contents of these sketches, they are alike admirable, and deserve to be carefully digested by the musical student. They show the conscientious work of a true scholar and the skill of the trained critic. A short paper on "The Last Hours of Great Composers," which seems to be apart from the main purpose of the volume, though it has an interest of its own, closes the book.

Mr. Fillmore has been identified with the cause of musical education, especially at the West, for many years. His name has long been a familiar one at all gatherings of instructors and in the annual national conventions of teachers. His little volumes have also been educational in character, the latest addition to which is 'Lessons in Musical History.' It is, as its name indicates, a text-book, not only compiled for purposes of reference, but designed for class work, as is shown by the lists of questions following each chapter, and might be utilized for grammar or even high-school and academy purposes. The general scheme of the author has been to present in a compact space a history of music from the earliest times to the present, with necessarily brief biographical sketches of the prominent composers, and passing references to others, as well as notices of their work. Mr. Fillmore's book presents only the outlines of this history, and yet it is far from being a primer or a bald statement of generalities. Its information is well digested and singularly accurate, and interwoven with it are pithy criticisms, which must prove of value to musical pupils, and suggestions of a highly practical nature. One such is contained in the preface, in which, after enumerating various works which the student should read, he pays a well-deserved tribute to Riemann, the German historian, essayist, and theorist. We can heartily endorse his commendation. Every one of Riemann's numerous works deserves to be carefully translated into English, and should be in every student's library. We

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cannot follow Mr. Fillmore, however, in his recommendation of the Rev. H. R. Haweis's utterly useless disquisition on 'Music and Morals,' or his 'Musical Memories' as "excellent reading." A very important and altogether praiseworthy feature of the volume is the comparative table of chronology which forms its appendix. It is very neatly arranged, and correlates with the history of music the most important events in art, science, literature, religion, politics, and sociology. It was a very happy thought, and is highly creditable to Mr. Fillmore's scholarship. The contents of the book are presented in very neat form, which makes one regret all the more that the proof-reading is now and then defective; the errors, however, being mainly typographical.

It is not exactly clear why Mr. F. R. Chesney should have written his 'Operatic Tales,' or what useful purpose they can subserve. The author, who is an Englishman, has selected twenty-three operas, nearly half of which are already shelved, and tells the story of them in a rambling way. It is not easy to discover the standards of his choice. Why, for instance, should he have selected "Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersinger" of Wagner, and "Aïda," "Louisa Miller," "I Vespri Siciliani," and "Un Ballo en Maschera" of Verdi, and left other and still more important works of these composers unmentioned? Perhaps his answer is contained in the preface: "It has been suggested that a series of tales on which operas are founded might supply a want in current literature. Those which have been selected in this volume have, it is believed, never before appeared in a similar garb." The answer, however, is not creditable to Mr. Chesney's musical reading. The story of every one of these operas (and many more) will be found in the sumptuous work, 'Beauties of the Opera and Ballet,' published in 1844 by Charles Heath, or in Annesley's 'Standard Opera-Glass' (1888) —both English books; as well as in Pardon's 'Tales from the Opera' (1864), 'Operas: their Writers and their Plots,' by Notelrac (Carleton), (1882), and Upton's 'Standard Operas' (1886), published in this country, the last-named of which contains not only the stories, but analyses of the music of the operas.

The field which Mr. Chesney covers so meagrely and in such desultory fashion had, as will be seen, already been completely occupied by the above writers. Everything about the book is an enigma. Even before he opens it, the reader will be astonished at finding Lohengrin on the cover in black coat of mail and barred helmet, standing on the back of his swan, apparently knee deep in its plumage, and with his huge sword jabbed well into the body of the unfortunate bird. Evidently the engraver had not "followed copy," which would have informed him that "a swan appeared on the waters of the Schelde, guiding a little barque in which stood a knight clad in resplendent armor and who held the swan by a golden chain attached to his neck." Perhaps the artist belongs to the realistic school, and preferred to have the hero arrive at Antwerp swanback.

ENGLISH IN THE NEW WORLD.

Americanisms Old and New: A Dictionary of Words, Phrases, and Colloquialisms peculiar to the United States, British America, the West Indies, etc., etc., their Derivation, Meaning, and Application. Compiled and edited by John S. Farmer. London. 1889.

Now that the American Union, with everything pertaining to it, has come to attract so largely the study of Englishmen, a competent exhibition and exposition of the peculiarities of phraseology noticeable among us, the predominant subject of this book, would be an achievement that might reckon on a warm welcome in our ancestral home. Unmistakably, however, Mr. Farmer, in essaying to supply a desideratum, has undertaken an enterprise for which he is in no respect whatever adequately qualified. At most, one has merely to read any half-dozen of his pages to light on evidence beyond all gainsaying in establishment of this conclusion. A certain expression, according to his account of it, is "a survival in New York State and on the Hudson River." Whether things analogous to this are not, with him, when under guidance of the *intellectus sibi permissus*, the rule rather than the exception, may, indeed, be questionable. At any rate, where he is not simply copying, it is but slight exaggeration to say that, save in blundering, or in doing worse, he is hardly himself. In literal truth, only by the addition of something like a perpetual commentary, corrective and supplemental, could his compilation be transformed so as to satisfy any but the most uncritical.

These are no unweighed judgments. The merits of his book, in its present form, even the most favorably disposed reviewer will find it a problem to discover, whereas its demerits obtrude themselves at every turn. One of these, conspicuous enough, and yet not more so than a variety of others, is its accounting as Americanisms words that can on no rational ground be so denominated. Among words of this description are *alcoholism*, *alligator*, *Anglo-Saxendom*, *argufy*, *asininity*, *atremble*, *ballyrag*, *bam*, *banana*, *bandanna*, *beaverdam*, *being* (for *since*), the verb *best*, *betweenity*, *biddable*, *blowen*, *bolero*, *bothersome*, *bruiser* (for *prize-fighter*), the phrases *to save one's bacon* and *to talk like a book*, the slang *to do brown*, and so on. All these, and much besides, reference to Dr. Murray's Dictionary, which is cited under *betterments* and often elsewhere, evinces to be misleading surplusage. Such reference would, for instance, have precluded the statement that *authoress* was "first coined in America"; Dr. Murray giving quotations for it dated 1645 and 1654, with others, dated 1583, 1603, 1632, and 1724, for the contracted *authresse*. And again it would have kept the compiler from calling *attitudinize* "an American creation," and from saying that it "is given in Worcester, . . . but by no other authority"; seeing that, as Dr. Murray shows, Boswell puts it into the mouth of Dr. Johnson in 1784, and that Miss Hannah More is quoted for it by Dr. Webster's editors. *Blatancy*, further, though Dr. Murray proves its existence in 1610, "has not," it is alleged, "yet been admitted to the dictionaries." We are told, too, that *biblioklept*, *bibliolarty* (*sic*), "the worship of books," *bibliopegist*, *bibliophile*, *bibliopole*, and *bibliotaph* "can fairly claim American birth"; a notion wholly gratuitous, unless, as is most improbable, Dr. Murray is to be corrected regarding those expressions. But we have dwelt more than sufficiently on a single class of misrepresentations.

Nor can we help censuring the recognition, in the work before us, as Americanisms, of nonce-words, devices of personal whim or playfulness, which their originators did not intend seriously, or else ventured ignorantly, and which have met with no appreciable acceptance indicated by adoption. Of these coinages are, with plenty more of their congeners, *angeliferous*, *appetitical*, and *balditude*.

The compiler's observations on genuine Americanisms may next be slightly touched on. *Aunt*, he says, is "a familiar name often given, in the States and West Indies, to negresses of advanced age." With its exceptional application in the interior of New England, and likewise with that of *uncle*, he has no acquaintance. Of the antiquity of the substantive *avails*, as still current in parts of the United States, mention should have been made by him, but is wanting. *Back and forth* he pronounces to be "a New England Puritan survival"—a reckless guess; it being, in all likelihood, a slight alteration of the *back and fore* of Scotch immigrants. *Bank-bill*, on his warrant, "is the name by which Bank of England notes are generally known throughout the States." What name, then, can he suppose that Americans give to the paper money of their own banks? *Boost*, he has it, with his headlong hardihood as to facts, is "an old English word." Worse still is this: "At Harvard, 'To have no *bowels*' is to be poor, destitute, or without means. Of Scriptural derivation; the word being used in a somewhat similar sense in the Bible." Where? "The use of the word with this signification has arisen, probably, from a jocular reference to a quaint Scriptural expression," says an American glossarist to whom he is here, as frequently, indebted. *Bubby* is expounded to be "a pet name for a baby"—an evolution from the inner consciousness of the expounder, for whose second edition *bub* and *sis* must wait to receive due attention. "A fire is *built*, instead of made, probably from the piling up of logs, one upon another, for that purpose [*what* purpose?], in the backwoods." From a man presumably new to old-fashioned hearths and the mystery of andirons, some such conjecture, if he did not prefer judicious silence, was, of course, to be expected.

In the matter of linguistics and etymology Mr. Farmer shines with phenomenal lustre: "The prefix A is an Anglo-Saxon survival"; "the old Anglo-Saxon prefix A"; in this we have the revelation of a discoverer. Under *allottee*, mistakenly reckoned an Americanism, we read: "This class of words, during late years, has become increasingly numerous; the form of termination being American in origin." Miserable as is here the style of expression, it is nothing to the demand made on our credulity. *Legatee* and *referee* are adduced in illustration, notwithstanding that Dr. Johnson vouches Dryden for one and Roger L'Estrange for the other. And what of *absentee*, *appellee*, *appointee*, *assignee*, *bargainee*, *cognizee*, *committee*, *covenantee*, *devotee*, *donee*, *feoffee*, *grantee*, and a host of their fellows? If Americans have, with the exception of *employee*, any term of the species to which these belong that is not acknowledged English, it escapes us at this moment. So much for *allottee*, and only briefly; for we hasten on to the masterpiece of the compiler's philology, elicited by *billiardist*. In connection with this we are told: "Words terminating in *ist* (an 'agent') are multiplying on every hand. One of the earliest introductions was 'scientist.' . . . Except in very rare instances, the combination is intolerable to educated ears, and little enough can be said in defence of the usage." Looking to the enormous number of our derivatives in *-ist*, the great age of scores of them, and their many divisions and subdivisions, it is all but incredible that this should have been written. The veriest tiro just entering his teens could explode such ridiculous sciolism.

After what has been shown above, it is no surprise to see the abbreviations *A. V.*, *Ph.D.*, and *S.T.D.* set down as Americanisms; nor could we count on different Latin from "boves per dolum *amtas*," with "*Torgnum* saccharatum" as the botanical appellation of *broomcorn*.

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Pretty constantly, however, the compiler has his "head in Coventry" (*sic*), if we may have recourse to what he cites, to our enlightenment, as "an English slang phrase." As to his critical discrimination of the vesture of English literature, significant of it is his "stately, rounded, yet pedantic periods of *Addison*, *Steele*, and Johnson." Once more, where, characterizing us physically, he is pleased to say that "already the American type is a distinct one," we have a strong suspicion that he is beholden, for his idea of that type, to the cartoons in *Punch* or else to some equally scientific authority.

Wholly apart from the purpose of his book, and with unconscious supererogation, Mr. Farmer furnishes, in the course of it, a notable anthology of the kind of grammar and English which a pedagogue is wont to lay before his younger pupils for syntactic and other emendation. In the effusion of a recent penny-a-liner whose studied elegances have attracted us, some one, in the fulness of time, was moved to "*partake of* a wife"; and, in the dialect of his literary compeer with whom we are engaged, "to take a big or long drink is to *partake of* liquor from a large glass." A few more samples of his proficiency in composition, leading off with the perpetration of the suspensive participle, here follow:

"Broadly *viewing* slang as a possible element of the grammar of the future, and grammar as accepted slang, this fact is, of itself, significant." (P. viii.)

"The language of the Older England of the Seas and [that of] the Newer England of the West is [are] essentially the same." (P. xiv.)

"To foretell its coming *or* forecast its course *are* alike impossible." (P. 38.)

"Base-ball. The American national game, taking, with *them*, the position that cricket holds with us." (P. 42.)

"One who will *neither* allow others a voice in any matter, *or* permit dissent from his own views." (P. 53.)

As the compiler has acquitted himself under A and B, so, and neither better nor worse, he has acquitted himself to the end of the alphabet. A slovenly collection of pillage it is impossible to commend. Of relevant materials at his disposal there was no lack, while, on his part, the lack is deplorable of success in turning them to appropriate account. Moreover, it should have occurred to him, on the slightest reflection, that, in default of an intimate personal familiarity with this country, it must be indispensable, towards the avoidance of all sorts of errors, to submit the outcome of his labors, before putting it in print, to the criticism of some one on this side the Atlantic. As the result of neglecting this obvious precaution, we find him even transcribing, with or without acknowledgment, what he does not himself understand, and what will not be understood in England. For example, under *ball up*, *barney*, *blood*, and *bull*, his borrowed "recite" and "recitation" have, among us, senses which, in Great Britain, are entirely unknown. As regards his style, only in rare cases does it rise above that of a third-class newspaper. And here, with apologies for our prolixity, we conclude our appraisal of a quarto which, by the contrast of its comeliness of aspect with its peculiar contents, recalls the venerable simile extorted by the Scribes and Pharisees from their denouncer. What with its imposing pretensions, its wretched shortcomings, and its costliness, we are not conscious that we deviate from even-handed justice in summing it up, compendiously, as a portentous catchguinea, if an aggravated catchpenny may be so designated.

The Banquet (*Il Convito*) *of Dante Alighieri.* Translated by Katharine Hillard. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1889.

To Miss Hillard belongs the honor of having made the first satisfactory translation of the 'Convito' into English, for that published in the "Universal Library" in 1887 scarcely deserved the name of a translation. That the 'Convito' should be so late in taking its place among the English versions of Dante's writings is not to be wondered at. The 'Divine Comedy' and the 'New Life' will always be the two works of Dante most read and most prized. The 'New Life,' a young lover's story of his love, written in large part for a single friend, is distinctly personal in its charm. All true lovers find their love repeated in it, but it is in itself the narrative of a completely individual experience, without the slightest attempt at generalization. The 'Divine Comedy,' on the other hand, written for all mankind, the sum of Dante's final convictions in their final form, is, perhaps, the most tremendous generalization on the facts of a single human experience that has ever been made. The 'Convito' stands between the two, lacking the sweet, lyrical charm of the 'New Life' and the architectural unity and completeness of the 'Divine Comedy.' But it has a charm and an interest of its own.

Dante's 'Banquet' was a feast which he spread liberally before the unlearned but inquiring minds of his time and his nation, served in their own way and in their own language. The texts which he used for the discourses that make up this feast were certain of his poems which had been much misunderstood; but Dante's real object was higher than a mere personal explanation. He meant to benefit his people, to encourage noble virtues, to check the wrangling of parties, the insolence of the foolish, and the hypocrisy of false learning. The method of his discourse is rambling and diffuse; it is full of citations of learned authorities, and excels in the gymnastics of logic in which schoolmen were expert. Hence its form as well as its subject-matter has made it one of the least read of Dante's writings. Of late years, however, in the effort to explain Dante by Dante, more and more attention has been given to the 'Convito,' and scholars see that they can look to it not only for a collection of Dante's opinions on ethics, physics, and metaphysics, but for a glimpse into the workshop of his mind. The 'Banquet' is to the 'Divine Comedy' what an author's commonplace book is to his novels. We often find in the former the same opinions—in germ or already developed, the same point of view, even the same figures of speech, that we find in organic form in the latter.

But, in spite of many beautiful passages, the 'Convito' is hard reading even for the adept, and for this reason students of Dante of almost every grade will welcome Miss Hillard's translation. Unfortunately, the text of the 'Banquet' is extremely corrupt, and no translation of it can be called final which is based on an edition like that of Giuliani. After making this allowance, however, one has nothing but praise for this careful and idiomatic rendering of a work involved and often obscure both in thought and in expression. Here and there, to be sure, there are words and phrases about the rendering of which one might differ from the translator; but in the passages which we have tested, we have not found a single instance of mistranslation. The notes at the bottom of the page, too, are usually excellent, sometimes original and suggestive, and especially definite in points of historical allusion and in parallels between corresponding passages in the 'Convito' and in the 'Divine Comedy.' A fuller commentary, amounting at times to a running paraphrase and summary of the line of thought, is often needed, and this the translator has unfortunately not attempted to supply; an index, too, would have added greatly to the value of the book. These lacks, however, do not impair seriously the general adequacy both of the translation and of the notes.

The introduction, of some sixty pages, which Miss Hillard has prefixed to her work, bears signs of much careful thought. We differ, however, widely from certain opinions which she expresses on points of some importance because they involve the chronological sequence and actual date of Dante's writings. In the first place, Miss Hillard follows Fraticelli, Scolari, Selmi, Renier, D'Ancona, and others in giving to a portion of the 'Convito' a date before 1300. Here the question of Dante's whole intellectual development is involved. The proof depends somewhat upon the resemblance in matter and in style between parts of the 'Banquet' and parts of the 'New Life.' Much of the comparison which Miss Hillard makes is suggestive, and might perhaps lead one to suspect a closer chronological connection between parts of the two works than is ordinarily acknowledged, were it not that all other considerations either fail to corroborate such a supposition or go directly against it. There are certain instances, to be sure, in which Dante is supposed to correct in the 'Commedia' statements with regard to physics and the like which he had made in the 'Convito.' Hence Miss Hillard supposes (p. xxiv) that the treatise of the 'Convito' which contains statements thus corrected must have been written before 1300, the date at which Dante set the vision of the 'Comedy.' But the obvious reply to this is, that, although Dante feigned himself in the year 1300 with regard to the chronology of births, deaths, and historical events, the opinions of the 'Comedy' about physics, astronomy, and philosophy were those of the moment in which he wrote. For Dante to carry the fiction so far as to express in the 'Divine Comedy' only the opinions with regard to such matters which he held in the spring of 1300, would have been impossible, and a correction in the 'Paradiso' of any statement found in the 'Convito' merely shows that the 'Convito' was written before the 'Paradiso,' not that it, or any part of it, was written before 1300.

Another argument which Miss Hillard uses is drawn from allusions in the 'Convito' to persons as living who were really dead at the ordinary date given for the composition of the book. Of the three instances of this which are most often alleged, Miss Hillard makes use of only two. In the first of these, the reference to Gherado da Camino (iv, 14), she contradicts herself. In the 'Convito,' she says, he is mentioned as dead, but he is known to have been alive in July, 1301 (p. xxxi). Hence (p. xxxii) the fourth treatise of the 'Convito' is supposed to have been written *before* July, 1301. But if that treatise of the 'Convito' mentions him as dead, it must have been written *after* July, 1301. As a matter of fact, Gherado was alive even later than that, and the argument, if it proves anything, proves precisely what Miss Hillard does not wish it to.

Again, in the case of Asdente, the cobbler and prophet of Parma, the allusion does not point to a date before 1300. Asdente, says Miss Hillard, is mentioned by Dante in the 'Convito' (iv, 16) as alive, "while he is spoken of in the *Inferno* (xx, 118) as among those recently dead; most of the critics consider,

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therefore, that he died in March, 1300." But in the 'Convito' Asdente is spoken of rather as a notorious character than as a living man; in the "Inferno" he is not spoken of as recently dead; and furthermore he probably died long before 1300, for Salimbene mentions him in 1239 as already famous. At all events, then, to sum up, the burden of proof still rests with those who try to set an early date for the 'Convito' by arguments drawn from historical allusions, for, without exception, these allusions are either indefinite in character, or point to a date in the first decade of the fourteenth century (probably 1306–8).

Another important point about which Miss Hillard seems to us to be mistaken is the date at which Dante first saw the Lady Philosophy, love for whom led him to forget Beatrice for a time. Upon that date depends the date at which the 'New Life' was written, and it is therefore necessary to determine it precisely. Dante tells us that he first saw her (p. 56), when two revolutions of Venus (in that circle of hers which makes her appear as evening and as morning star at different times) had been completed after the death of Beatrice. The question is, how long is a revolution of Venus in that circle. On this point Miss Hillard is not explicit. Once (p. 56, n.) she says 180 days; again (p. xxiii), 365 days; and still again (p. 59), 348 days, basing her opinion on a passage from Witte which he afterwards expressly retracted. Now, Dante wrote according to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, and it would be natural to suppose that he referred here to the period in which Venus appears to revolve about the earth—a period of almost exactly a year. But the revolution of Venus around the earth is not that which makes her appear as morning and as evening star, as may be seen from any simple explanation of the Ptolemaic system. The revolution in question is, then, the revolution of Venus in her epicycle, a period of about 225 days, and Dante first saw the *donna pietosa* in September, 1291.

Such slips as these with regard to the exact determining of certain important dates will not detract from the reader's appreciation of the earnest care with which Miss Hillard has prepared the introduction to her excellent translation. One can only wish that in these instances and others she had consulted the more recent works which touch the subject she treats; and that she had sometimes been less rash in accepting without investigation plausible statements in matters about which most writers have a theory to prove at any cost.

The War of Independence. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

George Washington. An Historical Biography. By Horace E. Scudder. Same publishers.

THESE two very elegant little volumes are the first instalments of the "Riverside Library for Young People." The publishers announce that it is their aim to raise the standard of juvenile literature by producing books which shall attract and interest young people, and yet have a permanent value and be really fitted to form the foundation of a library. The books before us are undoubtedly an excellent beginning of the enterprise. Mr. Fiske and Mr. Scudder are both learned historical scholars, who write pure English, and also who write what people like to read. It would be entirely out of place to discuss these productions of theirs at length. We can and we do commend them heartily, as eminently worthy both of writing and publishing at a time when such a flood of publication has been and continues to be poured over the history of that period which these books comprehend. To a certain extent they invite comparison, and we must in justice pronounce Mr. Fiske's the superior of the two. His hand is stronger on the events, his eye for historical perspective is truer, his tone rings firmer in marshalling, ordering, and deploying his facts. It is never well to be too positive on a matter of taste, but Mr. Scudder gives the impression of being much too fond of the pictorial side of history. He talks excessively of how Washington looked on important occasions, as if the writer were one of a crowd that ran to see him, rather than a friend who shared his counsels or pondered his achievements. In Mrs. Oliphant's capital novel, she tells us how "Lucilla Majoribanks's friends always spoke of her as a large girl." Mr. Scudder dwells on Washington's stature and hands as if their size had absorbed his thoughts, as they might a casual spectator's. So the battle of Monmouth is detailed to the disproportionate sinking of the other battles in the Middle States, apparently because Washington's personal gestures and tones on that occasion have been more elaborately depicted than on any other. Yet Mr. Scudder leaves out not a few very notable personal anecdotes. We have failed to find President Davies's prophecy.

The style of both works is in general unexceptionable; but Mr. Scudder must go back to his *Autocrat*, and learn of Dr. Holmes to say a "blood" horse and not a "blooded" horse. The maps in Mr. Fiske's book are very helpful; the pictures of events in Mr. Scudder's will just do, but the portraits of Washington and Samuel Adams, with all the advantages of admirable originals, are coarse and stiff as we could hardly have believed the publishers could consent to issue.

Prisoners of Poverty Abroad. By Helen Campbe". Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1889.

THIS book is, for several reasons, of less value than the author's account of the condition of workingwomen in this country. Her investigations in France and Italy were not extensive enough to make her conclusions authoritative, while the condition of the London poor has within the last two years been described by such competent observers and with such scientific accuracy as to put Miss Campbell's more sentimental—not to say hysterical—methods at a disadvantage. Nevertheless, a book of this kind will be read by many persons who would be repelled by anything in the nature of a scientific investigation, and it is well that the ignorance of one-half the world as to how the other half lives should be removed. It is a dismal theme, but that is no reason why well-to-do people should avoid it, for if there is to be any reform, they must originate it. On the other hand, it is not necessary to exaggerate the evils of the existing state of affairs, and Miss Campbell clearly exaggerates. To say that 500,000 women in London live by certain industries "not one of whom has ever received, or ever will receive, under the present system, a wage which goes beyond bare subsistence," is to use strong words with feeble effect. So, to declare that "the story of labor to-day for the whole working world is one of degradation," is simply to discredit the judgment of the person making the statement.

What we find most discouraging in the book and in the situation is the character of the remedies that suggest themselves to so many benevolent persons. So far as deserving workmen are concerned, it may be possible for the purchasers of goods to improve their condition by patronizing shop-keepers who are known to deal fairly with their employees, although it can be no easy matter to find out who they are. But this is the only practical suggestion in the book. The scheme of a general union of all poor women is shown to be visionary by the collapse of the Knights of Labor. The proposals of Henry George, which Miss Campbell seems to favor, will not be carried out without a revolution in which workers for wages must be the greatest sufferers. Coöperation is only for the better class of workmen, and industrial education would tend to promote the cheapness of products, which the author regards as an evil. The real problem is how the drunken, lazy, untrustworthy, improvident, and feeble, and their offspring, shall be provided with the rewards of sobriety, industry, truthfulness, prudence, and strength. But though this book furnishes no solution of the problem, it throws light upon the conditions, and it is, therefore, worthy of consideration.

Prince, Princess, and People. An Account of the Public Life and Work of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. By Henry C. Burdett. Longmans, Green & Co. 1889.

IT is related of Rowland Hill that at a certain council held in the Post-office Department he explained to his subordinates that official phraseology was a good thing in its way, but very often did not describe the actually existing state of affairs. "For instance, in writing to you, gentlemen, I am accustomed to describe myself in official phraseology as your obedient humble servant, whereas"—sitting back and glaring savagely through his spectacles around the board—"whereas, I am nothing of the sort." If there are any who doubt the existence of human beings of such simplicity as to take these conventionalities in their literal sense, they will be converted by the perusal of this book. The ingenuous author has actually been at the pains to construct an ideal Prince of Wales out of his official utterances and donations, and in good faith offers this buckram creation to his readers as veritable flesh and blood. He sincerely believes that the Prince lies awake at night meditating the foundation of new charities, and draws his check every morning before breakfast for some benevolent enterprise. His Royal Highness opens an exhibition, visits an hospital, inspects a factory, or attends an agricultural fair, and very appropriately declares that he has long taken the deepest interest in those matters respectively; whereupon his loyal subject will have it not only that this is literally true, but also that these enterprises are, to a great extent, the result of the comprehensive wisdom and indefatigable industry of their eminent patron. Thus, after describing the Fisheries and Colonial Exhibitions, he remarks that he wishes "to emphasize the fact that the whole of them are due to the initiative of the Prince himself, and may be attributed in great part to that self-education in all matters relating to the best interests of every class throughout the British Empire, the progress of which this narrative has aimed at recording." Verily 'Sartor Resartus' was written in vain.

There is, however, a serious side to all this, and Mr. Burdett's foolish book is not altogether without value. The social and ornamental functions are now all that is left of monarchy in England, but they are important functions in every community, and are of more convenience and even necessity than we are apt to suppose. The Prince of Wales is, we may say, *ex officio*, presiding officer of every gathering at which he is present, and the very

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existence of such a functionary adds dignity to the gathering. Whatever we may think of him as a man, this book plainly shows that he attends decorously and assiduously to his public duties. The list of his donations is long enough to prove that much of his money is not ill spent, and the record of the charities and public institutions in whose founding he has participated is in itself instructive. There is little to be found in the book concerning the Princess Alexandra; but the beautiful photograph which serves as a frontispiece is sufficient to win her more regard than the record of many gifts and speeches. The book can interest only a limited class of readers in this country. It is elegantly printed.

American Resorts; with Notes upon their Climate. By Bushrod W. James, A.M., M.D. 8vo. Philadelphia: F. H. Davis. 1889.

A CERTAIN inconsecutiveness is a familiar trait in most treatises on watering-places and climate. It is, indeed, almost a necessity where such different themes are described as climatic features, the chemistry of mineral springs, and the merits of hotels and boarding-houses. Dr. James's book is no exception to the rule. His main themes are the theories of climatology and of climatotherapy, the brief description of American health resorts by the seaside, upon the lakes, and in the mountains in winter and in summer; and there are chapters upon Mexican and South American resorts. The concluding chapter relates to North and South American climate and the Atlantic Ocean, and is translated from Dr. Woeikof's 'Die Klimate der Erde'; it occupies more than one-third of the entire work, and is perhaps its most interesting portion. It is not, indeed, a very practical chapter from the invalid's point of view, for it describes the climate of the highest northern latitudes, as far as atmospheric pressures and currents have been studied in the Arctic zone. It is interesting to learn that in the European part of the Arctic Ocean the month of January is considerably warmer than December, February, or March, and nearly as warm as November and April, and that this is true of most of the Arctic islands. The author seeks for the cause of this curious circumstance, and ascribes it to the fact that the centres of cyclones pass northward near the points mentioned more frequently in January than before or after.

"In West Siberia," he adds, "the severest cold usually occurs in calm and clear weather; that is, under conditions favorable for strong local refrigeration. . . . On the islands of the Arctic Ocean, under the meridians of Europe (Bear Island, Spitzbergen, west coast of Nova Zembla), the winter is not so much remarkable for its cold as such as for the continuity with which the temperature remains below zero during periods ranging for about eight months on Bear Island, and seven on Jan Mayen, up to nine months on Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. It is obvious that neither agriculture nor tree-growth is possible under such conditions. . . . The sea and the islands north of Siberia and east of the meridians of the Yenisei are, as yet, a *terra incognita* to climatology."

Dr. Woeikof gives many points that will interest climatologists; but the invalid, looking for a winter climate, will turn to Dr. James's too brief description of Florida, Southern California, and, best of all for nervous and pulmonary troubles, the more genial latitudes of the Hawaiian Islands. A chapter upon mineral waters does little more than name the leading springs of the United States, classifying them under the accepted heads of alkaline, saline, sulphur, chalybeate, calcic, sulphated, and thermal. One of the most needed features in a book of this sort is lacking—that of a careful description of the accommodations for visitors at the respective places. In any given case, the mineral water is but half the cure; the rest comes of proper food, surroundings, and medical supervision. But Dr. James's book will serve a good purpose in the physician's reference library.

Report on the Custody and Condition of the Public Records of Parishes, Towns, and Counties. By Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner. Boston. 1889. 8vo, pp. 379.

THE commonwealth of Massachusetts is doubly fortunate in possessing records, and in a public spirit which cares for their preservation and utilization. That there has been a period of neglect, even within the last century, is undeniable and deplorable; but the present generation has done its duty, and is repairing past injuries both by care of documents and, still better, by their publication. The records of Massachusetts and of Plymouth down to 1692 have been printed. The Laws of 1660 and 1672 have been reprinted by the city of Boston; those from 1692 to the Revolution are printed or prepared for the press. Cities and towns have found that the cheapest and best method of preserving their records is to put them in type, and are rapidly following the example set by Boston. In 1884 the State appointed a commission to report on the condition of its archives, and in 1888 Mr. Wright was directed to report also on the public records of parishes, towns, and counties. He appointed as his deputy Mr. Robert T. Swan, and this report is the consequence.

It is impossible to give even an abstract of the book, except to say that it covers classified lists of church records, town records, county records, and court records. That the work will be found to have a few errors and many omissions is no reflection upon the evident care and diligence of Mr. Swan. The first edition of such a book is really to be considered merely as proof-sheets issued for correction. Information is often withheld, from ignorance, laziness, or a disbelief in the project; but when the work has taken shape, corrections are freely given. So we trust and believe it will be in this case, and we congratulate Mr. Swan sincerely on his present success.

Mr. Wright's large experience in such matters gives great weight to his suggestion that the information desired can never be obtained by correspondence. He recommends that a paid official should make the perambulation of the State and examine personally into the facts, especially into the condition of records and the enforcement of the statutes regarding them. We are not aware whether this Legislature paid any attention to his report; but the disgraceful persecution of Mr. Goodell, the editor of the Provincial Laws, by a clique of prominent politicians makes us fear that nothing was done.

The Sleeping-Car, and Other Farces. By William D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Mouse-Trap, and Other Farces. By William D. Howells. Harper & Bros. Illustrated.

IN the course of the past ten years Mr. Howells has written eight little stories in dialogue, and these he has now collected into two volumes, calling them farces. These pieces are each in one act, and are in dialogue. They lack the dignity and the variety of comedy, but they are not farces—unless the word is to change its meaning wholly. Sheridan's "Critic" he called a farce, and Garrick's version of "Katharine and Petruchio" is a farce, and Mr. Pinero's "Magistrate" and Mr. Bronson Howard's "Saratoga" are farces; and if these are all farces, Mr. Howells's dialogued sketches are not. Perhaps more than any other form of dramatic composition, the farce demands a practical knowledge of the stage and a solid skeleton of constructed situation. Now, the winds of whim and the breezes of fantasy blow through the loose joints of Mr. Howells's scenarios, and his knowledge of the stage is but a younger brother's portion. Two adaptations of his, "Yorick's Love," from the Spanish, and "Saul," from the Italian, have been publicly performed, together with two plays, one dramatized from his story, "A Foregone Conclusion," and one written originally for the theatre, "A Counterfeit Presentment"; but the author's apprehension of the inevitable needs of the stage does not seem to have been increased by this experience. The earliest of these little pieces, "The Parlor Car," was written for Mr. Daly, so we have understood, and it is by far the best of them. It is really actable; it is, in fact, a slight but interesting comedietta, with genuine movement; we can see in it the *action* which is the essence of dramatic art. The companion piece, "The Sleeping Car," is also theatrically possible, and although quite unconventional in form, no doubt it would bear acting and reward the great carefulness of production needed to make it effective. But, of the other six, hardly one even pretends to be playable. In the "Register," for example, there is a perfectly wanton change of scene, easily to have been avoided with a little ingenuity. It is as though Mr. Howells, disappointed in the theatrical success of the first of the series, had abandoned all thought of the stage, and had paid less and less attention to the technic of playmaking. This is greatly to be regretted. The stage needs recruits as keen-sighted, as ingenious, as witty, and as aggressive as Mr. Howells; but they can take rank there only after they have learned the manual of arms and practised the goose-step. There is no need to say that some of Mr. Howells's cleverest writing is to be found in these two volumes.

The Poets of Essex County, Mass. By Sidney Perley. Salem: Published by the Author.

"NEARLY all of the great American poets have some connection with Essex County," writes Mr. Perley in his General Sketch. Whittier, of course, is a native of that weightiest corner of Massachusetts soil. But, "at Newbury, in an old mansion lately standing, the great-grandfather of Longfellow was born; and at the Jonathan Johnson house at Nahant his 'Song of Hiawatha' was written. James Russell Lowell also traces his family back to old Newbury, where his lineal ancestors lived for several generations; and Ralph Waldo Emerson is a direct descendant of the Ipswich family of that name." The list of minor poets born in the county is not inconsiderable in quantity or quality: Joseph Story and his son, W. W. Story, Jones Very and his sister Lydia, Alonzo Lewis, George Lunt, Epes Sargent, W. L. Garrison, Charles T. Brooks, Samuel Johnson, John W. Chadwick, Lucy Hooper, Lucy Larcom, William Winter. Add George E. Woodberry, whose Gibraltar sonnets (reproduced from the *Atlantic*) show that the poetic strain is renewing itself with a high promise. Mr. Perley takes account of all these, and likewise of some, not native,

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like Anne Bradstreet, Hannah Gould, and Albert Pike, who had their characters formed in Essex County; as well as of mere sojourners like J. Q. Adams, John Pierpont, Mrs. Stowe, and T. W. Higginson. The selection from Mrs. Bradstreet's seventeenth-century "Contemplations" is much the most striking piece in the book, and has a distinct Wordsworthian flavor:

"Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm,
Close sate I by a goodly river's side,
Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.
I once that loved the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,
And if the sun could ever shine, there would I dwell."

Mr. Perley has not sought to mass his poets so as to make the greatest impression. He strings them along in alphabetical order, with neither table of contents nor index, mingling the best with the poorest on the most democratic footing. The critical will find fault with the catholicity which thus rescues from oblivion many names and performances that merit (and will yet obtain) it. Still, there is something instructive in the repetition of biographical notices which tell how this one courts the muse while cashier of a live-stock company in Nebraska; another while manufacturing morocco in his birthplace; another as a book-binder, another as a life-insurance agent, etc. We know that these are not conditions favorable to the production of enduring verse, but the endeavor is pleasant to observe, and, we suppose, may be set down to the undeniable poetic spirit of Essex County. Mr. Perley's sketches are modest, and often very felicitous, and will be referred to hereafter for their data. Twenty pages of appendix give a summary account of a still larger number of writers, with occasional specimens of their poesy. In the body of the work, a single piece is the rule by way of example.

Du régime conventionnel des fleuves internationaux. Par Ed. Engelhardt, Ministre Plénipotentiaire. Paris: Pichon. 1879.

Histoire du droit fluvial conventionnel, précédée d'une étude sur le régime de la navigation intérieure aux temps de Rome et au moyen âge. Par Ed. Engelhardt. Paris: Larouse & Forcel. 1889.

THESE two works treat of a subject of practical importance which has given rise to many able diplomatic discussions in which the Government of the United States has borne an honorable and influential part. In the first work, which bears the marks of laborious preparation, the author has endeavored to set forth and explain the general laws which, in our day, govern the enjoyment of the great arteries of three continents. The second is an argumentative and painstaking historical review of the law of rivers in respect of its origin and gradual development. In it the author reviews the correspondence that took place in the latter part of the last and early in the present century between the United States and Spain in regard to the navigation of the Mississippi. He also gives an account of the dispute that arose at the beginning of the present century between the United States and Great Britain in reference to the use of the St. Lawrence, in which this Government maintained and contributed to the establishment of the principles sanctioned by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, in respect to the navigation of the Rhine and other European rivers, under which such navigation was to be free, as that of a common river, as between the States bordering upon it, at least for commercial purposes.

In his instructions of the 19th of June, 1826, to Mr. Gallatin, who was authorized to negotiate at London on the subject of the St. Lawrence, Mr. Clay, in a passage which the author prefixes to his second work, said: "These regulations—the transactions at Vienna—relative to the navigation of the European rivers, and other analogous stipulations, should be regarded only as the spontaneous homage of man to the superior wisdom of the paramount Lawgiver of the Universe, by delivering his great works from the artificial shackles and selfish contrivances to which they have been arbitrarily and unjustly subjected." It was not, however, until the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, signed by Mr. Marcy and Lord Elgin, that conventional provision was made for the navigation of the St. Lawrence by the citizens of the United States. This treaty was terminated March 17, 1866, under resolution of Congress of January 18, 1865. But, in the Treaty of Washington of May 8, 1871, it was finally stipulated (Article xxvi) that "the navigation of the river St. Lawrence, ascending and descending, from the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude, where it ceases to form the boundary between the two countries, from, to, and into the sea, shall for ever remain free and open for the purposes of commerce to the citizens of the United States, subject to any laws and regulations of Great Britain, or of the Dominion of Canada, not inconsistent with such privilege of free navigation." A reciprocal provision was inserted in the same article for the navigation by British subjects of the rivers Yukon, Porcupine, and Stikine, which take their rise in British territory and flow through Alaska into the sea.

The same principles partly prevailed in the negotiations opened between the United States and Mexico in regard to the Rio Grande and the Colorado. The United States also participated in the Berlin Conference which placed the Congo and the Niger under international control. These precedents, as well as others which might be cited, touching important water courses of South America, such as the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the Rio de la Plata, disclose the interest which the works above mentioned possess from an American point of view.

It is proper to advert to a recent case which, at the time of writing those works, had not come under their author's notice. By a treaty concluded on the 24th of December, 1886, the Governments of Nicaragua and Costa Rica agreed to submit to the arbitration of the President of the United States certain questions as to the validity and interpretation of the boundary treaty between Nicaragua and Costa Rica of April 15, 1858. By the sixth article of this treaty it was provided that the Republic of Nicaragua should have exclusive dominion and jurisdiction over the San Juan River from its source to its mouth, but that the Republic of Costa Rica should have the perpetual right of free navigation of the waters up to the point where they ceased to constitute a common boundary between the two countries and flowed wholly within Nicaraguan territory, "for the purposes of commerce either with Nicaragua or with the interior of Costa Rica." One of the questions submitted to the arbitrator was whether, if the treaty of 1858 should be held by him to be a subsisting engagement, Costa Rica had "the right of navigation of the River San Juan with vessels of war or of the revenue service." An award upon the various questions submitted was rendered by President Cleveland on the 22d of March, 1888. He held that the treaty of 1858 constituted a valid and binding agreement; and as to the navigation of the San Juan, his decision was as follows:

"The Republic of Costa Rica, under said Treaty and the stipulations contained in the 6th article thereof, has not the right of navigation of the River San Juan with vessels of war; but she may navigate said river with such vessels of the Revenue Service as may be related to and connected with her enjoyment of the 'purposes of commerce' accorded to her in said article, or as may be necessary to the protection of said enjoyment."

La Société française au Dix-septième Siècle. By T. F. Crane, A.M., Professor of the Romance Languages in Cornell University. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PROFESSOR CRANE'S 'Tableaux de la Révolution française' and 'Le Romantisme français' have had a deserved success, yet it is doubtful whether these books possess a degree of usefulness equal to that which will be found in his 'La Société française au Dix-septième Siècle.' No period in the literary history of France is fraught with so much interest as that famous seventeenth century which French historians have proudly dubbed *le grand siècle.* It saw a radical change in the language, which attained a degree of perfection since unsurpassed, and its literature has remained a standard seldom reached by more modern writers. The style may have become more terse, unnecessary pomposity and redundancy may have been done away with, but for purity and correctness, for elevated thought, nobly expressed, we still seek our models in the great masters of the seventeenth century.

The student who, not satisfied with accepting the effect, must seek the cause of this superiority, traces it to certain influences which, exerted for the purpose of modifying the manners and improving the morals of a society long disturbed by foreign and civil wars, achieved also a complete reform in the language and created a new literature. The study of the progressive action of these social influences is indispensable if one wishes to enjoy thoroughly the works of the best authors of that time, and Prof. Crane justly remarks that, without some knowledge of them, Corneille, Molière, and Boileau are often incomprehensible. This study, however, presents a difficulty which the majority of students cannot conquer: hundreds of works, many of them very rare, and not a few unattainable in this country, should be consulted ere the knowledge is gained. This laborious research Prof. Crane has accomplished with the most gratifying results. Many valuable works—from Mlle. de Scudéri's 'Grand Cyrus' to the rarest "Recueils" and "Mémoires" that throw light on the subject—have been laid under contribution to make up these excerpts; and the student, with the aid of this little volume, may obtain a very satisfactory glimpse of that society which had its birth in the Hôtel Rambouillet, whence its influence spread until it prepared the mind for the literary marvels of Louis XIV.'s reign. The Introduction and the copious notes at the end of the book contain much valuable information. They should be studied and frequently referred to, as giving the key to much that may puzzle the student in some of the extracts.

Up and Down the Brooks. By Mary E. Bamford. (Riverside Library for Young People, No. 4.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. Pp. 222.

THIS is a book which it is a pleasure to read and a duty to praise. Miss Bamford tells us of her rambles by the Californian brookside, and of her acquaintances made there; of their habits, their transformations, death and burial, or happier release after a period of observation by the captor. The book is not a manual of

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collecting, nor a monograph of the brook animals, but a narration of the experiences of the author with several of the more common animals, chiefly insects, intermixed with a spice of literary allusion and half-serious, half-jesting allegory, difficult to characterize, but which makes very pleasant reading. This sort of thing is easily overdone, and then becomes silly or tiresome, which should be borne in mind by this author when she has another book in hand. On the present occasion she has kept herself on the right side of the line which separates natural liveliness from a straining after effect, but her dangers evidently lie in this direction.

If one were to venture any criticism, it would be that the classical allusions are sometimes aimed rather high for "young people"; but it will perhaps be all the better for them if they have to turn occasionally from the brook or vivarium to the library and the classical cyclopædia. The illustrations are almost too crude for the quality of the book. In these days of easy photo-relief reproduction, the insertion of a mere sketch, apparently made with a stub pen, is hardly warranted when we consider the slight cost of a drawing which should be at once clearer and more artistic. But here again there is a certain harmony between the breezy naturalness of the text and the off-hand scratchy diagrams which illustrate it. On the whole, we do not know among recent books any more likely to give pleasure to the nature-loving boy or girl, or more calculated to stimulate the taste for healthy recreation and good reading.

Incidents of a Collector's Rambles. By Sherman F. Denton. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1889. Pp. 272, 8vo.

THE author of this book is a son of William Denton, formerly well known as a lecturer on geology and spiritualism. While on a collecting and lecturing tour in New Zealand, Australia, and, finally, New Guinea, it became necessary for his sons to join him with as little delay and expense as possible. The story of that journey, in emigrant train and steerage, and of wanderings after the family was reunited—closing with the death, by fever, in New Guinea, of the elder Denton—forms the subject-matter of the volume, which is illustrated with effective though rather coarse process-cuts from pen-drawings by the author. Some of the illustrations are very good, others not so good. The text would have been benefited by the revision of some literary friend who might have corrected a few errors of taste and eliminated some unnecessary profanity.

There is nothing of serious importance in these 'Rambles,' but they may serve to convey some slight idea of the life and experiences of a collector of objects of natural history for commercial purposes, in the region described. There is no map or index.

The Progress of Religious Freedom as shown in the history of Toleration Acts. By Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1889.

IN this little volume of 124 pages Dr. Schaff has undertaken to trace the history of the progress of the idea of religious liberty from Galerius to the Constitution of the United States. He has not tried to be original, nor to do more than arrange in convenient order these bits of history, which, so far as we know, cannot be found elsewhere in just this connection. At the close of the volume is given a complete text of the Edict of Constantine and Licinius in 313, the public articles of the Edict of Nantes in 1598, the Edict of Revocation in 1685, the Toleration Edict of Potsdam in the same year, the English Act of Toleration in 1689, and the provisions of our Constitution securing religious liberty. Worth noticing is the distinction, not always clearly perceived, but emphasized by Dr. Schaff in his short introduction, between religious liberty and religious toleration. It is well worth pointing out to every American that his is at present the only country of the world in which religious liberty, in the full sense of that term, exists.

Readings in Church History. By the Rev. James S. Stowe, D.D. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

DR. STOWE has written a book which neither has nor pretends to have any claim to thoroughness or profundity. It is a series of disconnected sketches, eighteen in number, dealing with certain picturesque episodes in the life of the Church, selected mainly for their poetic or dramatic interest. The style is readable, a little too elaborate for a severe taste, but likely to please the average reader, for whom the book is intended. The theological point of view is the orthodox Protestant, but this is not made offensively prominent. The author has evidently read a good deal of original material, and shows considerable skill in extracting therefrom such passages as will prove entertaining to the reader. The book may be commended as pleasant reading for any one who does not wish to go into very serious study of the life or institutions of organized Christianity.

Indoor Studies. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

MR. BURROUGHS'S refined and appreciative criticism is well known through his papers in the periodicals, and in being bound into a book they do not come before us for the first time. In writing of Thoreau and Gilbert White he is upon his own preserves, and it is interesting to learn that his appreciation of the latter writer came late; of the former none has written more favorably. The book deals largely with Arnold, Emerson, and Carlyle, each of whom is acknowledged master in his own domain; generally, however, Mr. Burroughs pleads against Arnold and the academical, and calls for more generous recognition of the substance in Emerson and Carlyle which makes them, he says, great writers in spite of their defects in literary form. He speaks as a disciple of Emerson, whose influence is perceptible upon every page of these essays in the literary handling, if not in the thought. His remarks seem to us the best that have been made, both in substance and temper, by any of the apologists whom Arnold's lecture upon Emerson called out. He closes the volume with several brief essays of the nature of literary editorials, and an autobiographical chapter, in which the special qualities of his style and temperament have the best field for their play.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bailey, P. J. Festus: A Poem. Fiftieth-anniversary edition. Geo. Routledge & Sons. $1.50.
Drage, G. Cyril: A Romantic Novel. 3d ed. London: W. H. Allen & Co.
Horsford, E. N. The Problem of the Northmen. Cambridge, Mass.
Morley, Prof. H. Tales of the Seven Deadly Sins, being the Confessio Amantis of John Gower. Geo. Routledge & Sons. $1.50.
Morley, Prof. H. The Earlier Life and the Chief Earlier Works of Daniel Defoe. Geo. Routledge & Sons. $1.
Perry, G. B. Uncle Peter's Trust; or, Following the Drums. Harper & Bros.
Pfeiffer, Emily. Flowers of the Night: Poems. London: Trübner & Co.
Philippi, E. Schiller's Lyrische Gedankendichtung. Augsburg: Adelbert Votsch.
Postgate, J. P. Sermo Latinvs. A Short Guide to Latin Prose Composition. Macmillan & Co. 60 cents.
Putnam, E. A Woodland Wooing. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Roberty, E. de. L'Inconnaissable: sa Métaphysique, sa Psychologie. Paris: F. Alcan.
Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám. Translated by Justin H. McCarthy. London: David Nutt.
Ryan, M. E. Merze: The Story of an Actress. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Sauveur, L. Les Chansons de Béranger. F. W. Christern.
Schultze, A. The Books of the Bible Analyzed. Easton, Pa.: *The Book Antiquary*. 20 cents.
Scudder, V. D. Macaulay's Essays on Lord Clive. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.
Sergeant, L. The Government Year-Book for 1889. London: T. Fisher Unwin; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Southworth, Mrs. E. D. E. N. The Changed Brides, Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 25 cents.
Stables, G. Hints about Home and Farm Favorites. Frederick Warne & Co.
Starcke, Dr. C. N. The Primitive Family in its Origin and Development. D. Appleton & Co. $1.75.
Stedman—Hutchinson. A Library of American Literature, from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. In 10 vols. Vols. VII. and VIII. Charles L. Webster & Co. $3 per vol.
Stevenson, R. L., and Osbourne, L. The Wrong Box. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Stone, Dr. J. S. Readings in Church History. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. $1.50.
Stowell, T. B. Syllabus of Lectures in Anatomy and Physiology. 3d ed., revised and enlarged. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Sunderland, J. T. The Liberal Christian Ministry. Boston: George H. Ellis.
Sunflowers: Poems Written by Various Hands in the State University of Kansas. Lawrence: Journal Publishing Co.
Sweetser, M. F. King's Handbook of Newton, Massachusetts. Illustrated. Boston: Moses King Corporation.
Swinburne, A. C. Poems and Ballads. Third Series. Worthington Co.
Swisher, Bella French. Rocks and Shoals. G. W. Dillingham. 50 cents.
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